THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

MARCH 1, 1809.

L'HOMME COMME IL FAUT.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT is truly lamentable to observe the vague and arbitrary assertions, which multitudes of our fellow mortals conceive themselves justified in maintaining with their utmost pertinacity of argument, but which, in reality, convey abstract notions of a very injurious tendency: and it is more lamentable still, Sir, when men, who are gentlemen by birth, scholars by education, and authors by choice, give universal currency to such delusions, by taking and giving them in exchange. The pages of THE SATIRIST are now read by both sexes of all ages, professions, and ranks. The toilette, the boudoir, the breakfast-table, and the study, with equal eagerness and alacrity, welcome your small-talk, your poetry, and your critiques; to your volumes the frolicsome turn with joy, and the serious with esteem; and as your powerful strain, with sweetly-varied melody, changes the notes "from grave to gay, from gentle to severe," our attention grows only more and more fixed, and our admiration continues to increase.*

* This flattery comes mighty well from "*L'homme comme il faut.*" E.

After paying you this merited compliment, Mr. Satirist, I know not what language is sufficiently strong, to express the "lodged hate and certain loathing," I entertain for innumerable passages in your work. Nay, Sir, I detest these pernicious sentiments the more, on account of the classical elegance of style in which they are communicated: "*Les Satires, dont on modifie la rudesse, sont comme ce miel dont on a frotté les bords d'un vase rempli d'absynthe. C'est un véhicule qui en dérobe l'amertume.*" *Memoires de Brandenbourg. Fred. III.* § 20. Numbers of your youthful readers, especially, I fear, though high in fashion and fortune, may soon begin to cherish strange opinions, that have long been exploded in genteel circles, and may, in the maturity of time, even be brought to avow principles of thought, and to adopt modes of conduct, totally incompatible with the theory and practice of the votaries of our present polite system. Regarding you, however, as a writer, whose heart is not yet hardened against conviction, I shall take the liberty of stating some of my objections without farther preface.

In No. XV. page 506, speaking of a great public school, you say, that sound, and sometimes severe, discipline and sound instruction must move together, undivided and inseparable; and in No. XVII. page 159, alluding to another remarkable institution, and some recent events, you indignantly exclaim: "What! shall boys be permitted to carouse?" To your decided position and angry query it may suffice to reply, that the former is unwarrantable, and the latter uncandid: the strict enforcement of arguments *ad partem posteriorem* would probably, now-a-days, annihilate that noble spirit of independence so visible in our rising generation of schoolboys; whilst the unqualified admission of the inference deducible from your question, would sanction the abolition of an important *chartered* privilege of certain youths. Besides, Sir, who is ignorant

of the proverbial diffidence of modern students? A bottle or two of generous wine, freely administered, uncorks the youthful flask, and *(pop)* like spruce beer or *Perry*,* its contents froth, foam, bounce, and overflow most charmingly.

> Hast thou no WINE to set thy mind abroach?
> Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
> And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
>
> YOUNG.—*The Complaint. Night II.*

Bacchus inspires poets better than Apollo. Θιλω, διλω μανναι, is the sublime exclamation of the Teian bard; *receepto dulce mihi furere est amico*, is the no less animated effusion of the Sabine Muse. IN VINO VERITAS, is a well-known axiom in ethics, admitted at every college and hall in the kingdom, for which we can adduce undeniable authority, viz.

> Diogenes, surly and proud,
> Who snarl'd at the Macedon *youth*,
> Delighted in wine that was good,
> Because *in good wine there is truth.*

In politics, too, the juice of the grape has been found wonderfully efficacious: Not to mention that departed worthy, Charles James Fox, [whose memory, often, *silently* honoured at taverns with three times three, *for fear*, as it were, *of waking him*,] what can we not say in praise of good liquor, when we listen to the rapturous eloquence of a Wardle and a Fuller? Surely, then, Mr. Satirist, DRINKING is a manly accomplishment! Nevertheless, (as *tastes* differ,) should you call it a failing, and therefore persevere in pressing for its correction,—reminding your intelligent readers, that even the savage Spartans abhorred and scouted drunkards;—allow me to direct

* No allusion, we hope, is meant to the sprightly wag, who "*chronicles* small beer" and republicanism.—SATIRIST.

your notice to the futile manner in which those barbarians proceeded. They intoxicated their wiser *slaves*, forsooth! in order to cure their *children!* Whereas the meanest grocer in this metropolis could assure them that the readiest process to excite disgust in infants, is to permit unlimited indulgence: nay, since "men are but children of a larger growth," may we not apprehend, with justice, much of the surfeits of matrimony complained of by some husbands, to be solely attributable to their ravenous appetite for *bonbons* and sweetmeats in the *Honey*-moon? At any rate, Sir, it is certainly more fair and honourable to make the patients satiated and saturated, themselves, with the Circean cup, than to impress dislike on them by means of the infirmities of servants; who, however, may not always be unwilling to discharge such duty.

You shew yourself, also, an enemy to the use of oaths, or, in other words, profuse SWEARING. Sir, you ought to bear in mind that oaths, whether affirmative, negative, or simply expletive and nugatory, evince a deep sense of religion, and the power of a superintending Providence; at the same time that they demonstrate the humility and pious self-abasement of the juror, who thus tacitly insinuates to his hearers his own utter unworthiness to be believed, in the slightest matter, unless his *Maker* and his *Redeemer*, or the *Devil in Hell*, be solemnly appealed to as a *recording witness*.

SEDUCTION meets with very harsh treatment from you. For argument's sake, perhaps, and in the genuine spirit of paradox, you repeatedly stigmatize the gay Lotharios of our day, with outrageous malevolence. Why, Sir, I am astonished at your conduct! Would you have a MAN of HONOUR wed a *loose fish?* "By no means!" methinks is your answer. Yet, how can we ascertain the quality and value of an article, that has never been thoroughly proved. As gold is assayed by the touchstone and aqua-

fortis, so the purity of the sex is to be tried by courtship, flattery, falsehood, and temptation.—Few ladies, I believe, are averse to the process.—If the fair ones escape untarnished, their excellence is triumphantly displayed; if they receive a soil, they manifestly are unfit for the holy estate of wedlock with a MAN of HONOUR: for, *the wife of Cæsar must not be suspected.* Mrs. Fox, and Madame Talleyrand Perigord, Lady Holland, and the Empress Josephine, I grant are splendid exceptions, but single instances to the contrary, militate rather in favour of a general rule, than against it. Moreover, consider the female adage is strongly in my favour, which pithily assures us, of a truth, that "a reformed *rake* makes the best *husband*;" and that second Ovid in the Art of Love, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M. P. and Dramatist, informs little Isaac, in *The Duenna, Act II. Scene* 1.—

Though wedlock's your view,
Like a *rake* if you'll woo,
Girls sooner quit their coldness;
They know beauty inspires
Less *respect* than *desires*,—
Hence *Love is prov'd by boldness.*

And yet, Sir, somehow, my mind misgives me strangely on this head, too. For, as staunch hounds never eat the *game*, and old sportsmen place the chief pleasure in the *chace*, so ..... but this is a delicate subject, and demands your full consideration. Married libertines, *I am told*, have small families.

After an unlucky courtship, [I mean when the affair has notoriously ended in an intrigue; and the damsel's reputation is the worse for wear,] should any of her relations presume to interfere, and call the disappointed would-be Benedict out, I can divine no earthly reason why any compunctious visitings of conscience need prevent our lover from shooting the said relation, or relations, through

the body, in an honourable way, for such an ungrateful return to a gentleman who once sought the lady's hand, but unfortunately, too hastily, obtained her favours.

You profess, likewise, an inveterate detestation of GAMBLING. Are you to be told for the first time now, Mr. Satirist, that a fondness for expensive play is the sure criterion of a noble disposition, superior to the sordid arts of peculation, fraud, and chicane? Have, you then, never read, or have you read and forgotten, the following philosophical exclamation of Regnard's losing gamester?

Tu peux me faire *perdre*, ô Fortune ennemie!
Mais de me faire *payer*, parbleu, je t'en defie;
Car,—*Je n'ai pas un sou.*

I dare vouch for worthy Monsieur Trist, whom you unmercifully belabour, that he can repeat the lines with admirable *naïveté*.

I have the honour to remain,
Mr. Satirist,
Grosvenor Place, Your obedient humble servant,
Feb. 14. UN HOMME COMME IL FAUT.

MEN MILLINERS.

——'Αχαιάδες, οὐκέτ' 'Αχαιοί.——HOM.

"Oh women of Achaia! Men no more!"——POPE.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT was anciently fabled of the river Salmacis, that its waves converted men into women. The tide of Fashion, in the present times, has produced nearly the same effects on the inhabitants of our milliners' shops. The men who serve in those places are almost femalized. They do in-

deed retain their sex, which is all they can claim of the *propria quæ maribus* :—in that respect they are men, but in their manners, in their occupations, and in almost every other particular, they are women. I can never behold one of these *dulcissimæ rerum* without indignation.

"It makes me mad,
"To see him smell so sweet, and shine so bright,
"And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman."

It is alleged in behalf of this custom, that a partial dismissal of their shopmen would probably prove ruinous to the tradesmen who should first adopt such a measure. It is apprehended that the ladies would desert the shops in which they were attended by persons of their own sex, and resort to those which retained the attraction of these ladies' men. *

I would willingly defend the ladies against this imputation ; but I fear that a reference to facts will not tend much to their universal acquittal. It is notorious, that these men receive considerably higher wages, than females in their situations would, or ever do receive. And can it be credited, that tradesmen would pay them superior salaries, unless (to borrow a phrase from the shop) they found their account in it? To impute indelicate motives to my fair countrywomen, would be a mortification to which I cannot submit. I am, therefore, reduced to the alternative of believing (although I cannot rationally account for the fact) that the fingers of a man-milliner can exhibit a bow in a more exquisite and captivating point of view, than those of a female can—that he can recount and display the beauties of a cap in a more engaging man-

* The women of Greece, after they had degenerated from the modesty which was once their national characteristic, were reproached by Euripides with the odious and disgraceful imputation of being ἀνδρομανεῖς —*mad after men.* May this censure never be applicable to the ladies of England, even in so unimportant an affair as that of shopping!

ner—that he can better explain the hidden charms of "*Ladies' invisibles*,"* and can expatiate, with more alluring emphasis, on the peculiar virtues of a patent elastic petticoat!

But if men must be retained to fill the stations and perform the duties of females, let them quit the dress of that sex whose character they have renounced, and appear in habiliments suited to their occupation. When Hercules condescended to handle the distaff, and humbled himself to the duties of the womens' work-baskets, he was consistent in his effeminacy. He laid aside the dress of his sex (as appears by several ancient statues), and assumed the female attire. The head which is occupied by threads and tapes, bobbins and laces, gauzes and ribbons, has every claim to the possession of a cap; and, according to my humble skill in head-pieces, there is no reason why a man-milliner's head should not make a very serviceable show-block.

Finally, what sensations of regret and of indignation does not this subject excite, when considered in a serious point of view? When we reflect on the number of unhappy women (poor "houseless wanderers") who nightly parade and infest the streets of the metropolis, it is impossible not to lament a custom which has introduced men to the stations and employments which peculiarly belong to the other sex. When the doors of industry are closed against females, whereon can they subsist, but on the wages of prostitution?

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

London, Feb. 9, 1809. Your obedient servant,

ANGLICANUS.

* I was long unable to conceive what part of a lady's dress these "*invisibles*" could form; but I now apprehend them to be the *tuckers*, which, it appears from a former number of "The Satirist," our belles at present wear *out of sight!*

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM BATH, FEB. 3.

"We are all alive here, except a few sick people, who drop off daily. The rooms are crowded to suffocation, and, as they unite sudorific qualities with pleasure, have nearly ruined the *hot baths*. We have a great many Irish here at present, who enliven the place greatly by their *playfulness* and *winning ways*.

You have no doubt, been fully informed of the late inundation; I am sorry to say, that, in addition to the accidents mentioned by the newspapers, Mrs. ——'s little French pug was drowned. Mrs. —— has been very much *affected* ever since; and, out of compliment to her, Lady ——, the Miss ——, and Sir —— ——, have put their dogs into mourning with crape collars. The latter gentleman has written a very pretty elegy on the occasion, which will appear in the next edition of the "Bath Characters." Amongst other misfortunes, I must add, that one of the coaches loaded with a cargo of cards from Hardy's, was overset in a stream, and the cards were spoilt. Great distress has been occasioned by this loss, but Sir —— —— has not written an elegy on it. Madame Catalani is *the rage* at present; Mr. V—— is delighted with the place—"*pardi*—he never did see such anoder." He has formed a very intimate acquaintance with Mr. —— the banker.

P. S. I am concerned to state that, as Dr. —— was preaching last Sunday, the great bible fell from the pulpit, and—awoke the congregation."

BRIGHTON, FEB. 5.—"This is a dead time with us—nothing going on—not a soul in the place, except a few in-

valids, who crawl out in the sunshine, along the cliffs. The Steyne looks quite forlorn, though, now and then, when a flight of sea-gulls come *screaming* across, one might almost imagine Mr. Cobham and his *spoil'd* child —"the infant Catalani," were here. The libraries, instead of exhibiting all the charms of fashion, are deserted except by a few sentimental maid-servants, and gossiping town's-people, who sometimes subscribe for a toasting-fork or tea-caddy, by way of *keeping it up*. A club of three meets now and then, at Ragget's, and play at *dummy* for a supper. Within this week, we have had a gleam of gaiety by the 10th dragoons passing through, but they are gone, and have taken with them a few dozens of the Castle port, and *two milliners' apprentices*.

Those London tradesmen who favour us with their company every season, are mostly gone. A celebrated tailor set off yesterday, and had, it is said, two coaches loaded with *spring cabbage*. Several hairdressers, who make a point to have more *irons* than one *in the fire*, and who have made a very successful and *wig*-orous campaign, have departed "very much benefited by the Brighton *hair*." No milliners remain except one, who carries on the *toy* business, and is patronised by the South Gloucester."

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

A sublime Canzonette.

Fair Laura long has made me smart,
And play'd the tyrant o'er my heart.
Full *forty* years I have besought her
To practice what her mother taught her;

I've worn—(such was her want of feeling),
Ten pair of breeches out in kneeling;
I've wept, that had the Thames been dry,
I might have filled it from mine eye;
But all in vain, the cruel creature
Would never show a smiling feature.
As to her charms, why—to be frank,
She has ten thousand—*in the Bank.*
She squints, 'tis true, but women's graces
I never look for in their faces;
Yet she will *soon* an *angel* be,
For the *dear girl* is *sixty-three.*
Her heart, thank Heav'n! is somewhat mov'd,
Now *time* my faithfulness has prov'd.
At church she condescends—oh! rapture!
To let me find the psalm and chapter,
And e'en her lovely hand to squeeze,
When she has not the—*rheumatiz.*
Once, in shagreen receptacles,
I gave a pair of spectacles,
And now, the charming fair delights
To wear them when she *reads* or *writes.*
I'd venture soft things in her ear,
To whisper—*if she could but hear,*
But still I oft contrive to tell her
My sufferings, in an *am'rous* bellow.
Soon may I now expect to be
Blest with her hand, and—*property.*
Yet wish, before I have and hold her,
That the dear *girl*—was *somewhat older.*

ALEXIS.

FASHIONABLE REGISTER.

No. I.

Though it may appear incongruous with the nature of our work to notice the fashions, otherwise than with our ferula, yet, being desirous to exert ourselves "delectando pariterque monendo," we have determined (principally for the benefit of our country readers) to give, occasionally, a slight sketch, not of the new dresses, but the new manners adopted by the beau monde, which, as they are constantly varying, and are totally neglected by our cotemporaries, we conceive will greatly enhance the merit of our publication. To country residents more particularly, as we have observed, this article will be invaluable, since, it is notorious, how lamentably deficient they generally are in fashionable manners; for, though every country town sends quarterly deputations of tailors and milliners to the metropolis; yet, as the objects of their notice are merely Venoni hats, invisible petticoats, stays à la Diane, &c. strange anachronisms in manners are often committed. Thus the manners of one season are sometimes combined with the dress of another, which reminds us of an observation of Bonnel Thornton's, that the rage of *following* French fashions, had led the English into very ridiculous mistakes; for the Parisian *summer* dress coming to London in autumn, our *elegantes* shivered in it all the *winter*, and the *winter* mode arriving in spring, was the tonish equipment of all fashionable *puppies* in the *dog days*.

Provincial fashionables have hitherto been indebted for manners to marching regiments—the precarious visits of *great folks*—chance trips of the natives to London, or the exertions of stray cocknies, who, tired of sparrow

shooting and tea-drinking, have ventured forth into the world.

We need not point out the uncertainty, or inadequacy of these sources, by trusting to which, people are often led into spurious manners, and more generally meet with ridicule than admiration. To remedy these inconveniencies and defects, and supply, with genuine and seasonable manners, those who have not the happiness of living in *the great city*, or who, from their situation in life, have not access to fashionable scenes, we dedicate a portion of our work to the detail of every received novelty, and the manners of those who were generally acknowledged as leaders of ton.

February, 1809.

The *drawl* is not so much in vogue as formerly, few ladies of fashion use it, the arch flippant manner being more in request. It may, however, be met with frequently at Haberdashers'-hall, and is still retained by most young men of fashion. They who *sport a drawl*, discover a general lassitude, and studied negligence of dress and air; in walking, they saunter as if rickety, and twirl a fan—glass—chapeau—glove, &c.; when sitting, a careless loll is the favourite attitude, and the nearer the resemblance can be brought to sleep the better. The eyes should be half shut, and, if the teeth are *displayable*, the under jaw kept hanging. In addressing a person, he ought never to be regarded, but the head should roll backwards and forwards over each shoulder, and the words be suffered to fall from the mouth, like drops from a penthouse. When addressed, the eyebrows should be elevated; the mouth screwed; the head thrown back, and an air of absence assumed.

They who practice the flippant manner, which is chiefly used at public places, have nothing to do, but assume a stare and a loud voice, with timely bursts of

laughter, and a seasonable use of the fan in tapping, flirting, tearing, and dropping.

Young men of fashion seldom or ever dance, the *drawl* being the most received mode in the ball-room. The practice is to occupy three chairs—yawn—kick—and eat ice.

The lisp is now confined to the naturally *affected*. Short-sight is not so much in vogue as formerly.

R. F.

THE FRENCH AND OTHER EMIGRANTS.

Mr. Satirist,

There is a time with nations as with individuals, when charity may be misapplied, and its benefits abused. I know the generous nature of my countrymen well; I know that a single tap from the hand of misfortune, a single cry from the lip of misery, will open the door, and the purse, of the highest and lowest in our land: I also know, Sir, that the operation of this exhaustless spirit of liberality is flagrantly mocked to scorn in a thousand instances, but perhaps by no set of outcasts, with more callous ingratitude, than is daily exhibited by certain *French and other emigrants* among us.

To advocate a cause, however just, however necessary, however indispensable the office, that appears in the slightest degree to militate against the finer feelings of humanity, is to hazard all claim to attention, and all chance of favour, unless our process be conducted with candour and scrupulous moderation of language. I am fully aware of this great truth, and I admit its efficacy in all its most extended and extensive sense.

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco, is so proverbially the sentiment of the English nation, that to attempt a laboured demonstration, would be worse than childish: I believe, too, that no man endued with common powers of intellect and observation, will condescend to deny the frequency of impositions upon our goodness of heart.

At the first discharge of burning lava from the crater of the revolutionary volcano of France, what myriads of affrighted fugitives fled to our shores, and found shelter from the desolation! and yet, none had then ascertained its magnitude or its malignity. As the flaming torrent continued more and more violently to gush forth, (during Robespierre's reign of terror, and throughout the dreadful changes that ensued), what accumulated numbers of all ranks and ages perpetually crossed our channel! Not one patriot was found to rally his countrymen, and to pity his deserted country; but all who possessed the power, uniformly displayed the wish and the will to abandon both: We received them; we fed, clothed, housed, and cherished them ALL.

When Napoleon Bonaparte usurped the sceptre, that had been wrested from the hand of the martyred Louis, what curses, what execrations, what screams of horror, what yells of fury, were uttered by every *pensioned* emigrant in England! But, no sooner did the great man issue his decree of amnesty, than, in a moment, multitudes accepted it with tears of fawning gratitude. Still, *all did not thus abase themselves*. Oh, no. Unfortunately, HE *had specified certain exceptions*: a remnant, a comparatively small remnant, therefore, was left.

Now, mark me, Mr. Satirist, when the same Napoleon Bonaparte swindled another branch of the Bourbon family out of the possession of the throne of Spain, fresh outcries of emigrant indignation, and enthusiastic loyalty,

resounded over the British empire! But, Sir, did one hand offer its daring energies in aid of the Bourbon cause, or in grateful co-operation with the arms of England?

The campaign has, so far, proved unpropitious to our honest hopes: How do too many of our refugees behave upon this awful occasion? Why, faith! with a sapient inimitable shrug, and a surprising depression of hand and jaw; they almost universally begin to extol the prowess, the talents, the temper, and the plans of —— LE GRAND EMPEREUR!!! not, perhaps, in blunt terms, but with a hypocritical studied ambiguity of phrase, if possible, ten thousand times more offensive and insulting; disparaging all our military exploits by sea and land; disputing the veracity even of our gazettes; deriding openly and unequivocally the gallant efforts of our allies; and palliating, by inuendo, or by sophistry of argument, all the atrocious acts of—LE GRAND NAPOLEON.

Hoping to see my hints noticed in your truly laudable work, I remain, Mr. Satirist, with much esteem,

Your countryman and admirer,

Crown and Anchor Tavern. LOYOLA.

HINTS TO MODERN AUCTIONEERS.

You are now become so numerous, that it is dangerous to attack you, unless one chooses to be *knocked down.* Considering your *Stock in Trade*, it is not surprizing that you should spring up like mushrooms, for a *small* hammer, and *great* assurance, seem to be all that is necessary, although we must acknowledge, that no men deal more *in figures* than yourselves.

'Tis true you have a *licence*,—nay! I dont mean Mr.

Pitt's licence—but a *poetic* licence, like all other dealers in fiction—to metamorphose all your geese into swans, and yet those severe and tasteless critics, who compose the juries at Westminster Hall, have, on several occasions, reviewed your works in a manner calculated to shorten the flights of your aspiring Pegasus.

Some of your brethren have lately thought it necessary, when offering an article for sale, to give a reason for it,—which, sometimes, though rather unintelligible, seems very ingenious; for instance, "Two *bay* horses to be sold, the *gentleman* having *changed his colour*."* Now this is not very usual for gentlemen to do, nor indeed in the present times, *even for the ladies!* Again, "Three horses to be sold, the owner being obliged to part with them from ill health," here if *ill health* applies to the horses, it is likely enough, but if to the owner, I should rather think his physician would advise *to buy* a horse; indeed in these cases, I generally suspect that the unfortunate *patient* has been advised to try the country air, on the *Surry side of the water*, but *not* by his physician.

The observations of a learned counsel, some years ago, on the well known cause of the "Hampshire Cottage, with a *distant* view of "The Needles," have tended, in some measure, to curb your talent for the descriptive, though, I believe, it is since that, one of your *professors* sold a residence on Penendan Heath, with a *hanging wood*† in front: but since you are limited in the *descriptive*, you have still a resource in the *ambiguous;* such as "a house to be sold, at an *agreeable* distance from the road." Here no one can complain, it is not your fault, if they have not taste enough to see and feel "the agreeable." In the variety of puffs, with which you favour the public, there is a new one, which may be called "the puff local." "To

* Vide M. Post. † i. e. a *Gibbet.*

be sold *on the premises*"—now to all but the unweary it soon appears that these are *not* the premises on which the furniture was used, but where it is to be sold: this may do for a Sunday paper, but is rather too violent a dose to be swallowed every day.

If you have a country-house to sell, even though it should be *five* stories high, and situated at Holloway, always call it a *cottage;* it sounds romantic: and when you go on further to state that it contains a room, large enough to dine thirty people, *with coach houses*, &c. it shews that, even in retirement, a man can have enough of society, if he pleases. Besides, should your writings reach to other countries, it will give them higher ideas of *Milor Anglais*, when they read, that our very *cottagers* can keep their carriages.

There is another phrase now much in use, which I give you great credit for, as it is a *bold* assertion; I mean when you say of a public-house, or shop, that it is "*undeniably* situated" in Brook-lane, or Puddle Hole; and he must be a bold man, indeed, that will *deny* its being situated there, when you specify where it may be viewed, &c.

When you rise a little in your *profession*, and arrive at the west end of the town, to sell nick-nacks, *real* diamond necklaces, &c. you must study the *unities* in time and place; —the stentorian roar used in selling a horse or a tar barrel, will not suit the *elegantes* of Pall Mall and Bond-street. Here you must *dazzle*, if not with your elegance, at least with the diamond ring on your little finger: here you must begin with a *persuasive whisper*, in a few seconds you may hint at your *surprise*, and when you cannot induce your audience to give more than ten times the value for an useless trifle, you may express your *astonishment*, whilst you are *gently* knocking it down to some fashionable lounger, who, dreading the fatigue and horror of speaking in public, *gently* nods his head to the implied bidding.

As we all strive to seem what we are not, by dressing in black, and talking of the pulpit, *you* may pass for a clergyman; but as that character is become *unfashionable* at the present day, it perhaps may not suit *your* ideas of consequence.

I shall now close my hints, with reminding you, that it is necessary to consider yourself always as if in the pulpit; of course, allow no person to speak in company, except in monosyllables. With a little perseverance you will come off victorious, unless you happen to meet a party of your own fraternity. A short anecdote may serve to illustrate this more fully than precept.

A few years ago a loquacious auctioneer from Nottingham had called a meeting of his London brethren, at an inn in the city, on some affairs relative to the trade; during the *sitting*, another professor of the hammer, from one of the *southern* countries, well known for his volubility, arrived at the house; on being told of the business going on up stairs, he expressed a wish to be admitted to the *conclave*, which was as readily granted, the chairman saying, he had often heard of, and was anxious to see *his rival*. On the entrance of the stranger, all tongues were in motion, which continued some hours, until the superior lungs of the two competitors had overcome their other antagonists. The war of words now waxed hot, each was unwilling to yield, their voices became fainter, utterance at length impossible, until gasping like two pounded cocks in a pit, they wagged their jaws, amidst universal silence;—the victory was undecided, and unto this very day it remains *a tye!!!*

CROP THE CONJUROR.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great extent of this *art*, and the extraordinary number of its professors, yet though called a *science*, it has never before been reduced to fixed rules; in my first number I endeavoured to lay down a few of the most common definitions,* to serve as *memoranda* for the orators of Palace-yard, and to assist in explaining the oracular denunciations of the POLITICAL WEATHERCOCK, and other *men of letters*, and shall now proceed to the axioms necessary for this abstruse investigation.

AXIOMS.

I. Two bodies cannot be in the same place. *Ex. gr.* if THEY are *in*, WE must be *out*.

II. A *fact* is a *fact* whether true or false. Vide POL. REG. for Saturday, Feb. 4, where we are told, that certain things as stated by Col. W. "are *facts*, though it remains yet to be proved whether they are *true* or *not*."

III. Truth is not to be spoken at all times. This axiom is particularly useful, where *half* the truth will answer your purpose better than the *whole;* for example, if you pay three morning *visits*, it may be convenient to remember only *one* of them. Vide the details of certain *low* proceedings in a *high* place.

IV. No honest man ought to accept of money for *political services*. N. B. This axiom does not apply to POLITICAL REGISTERS. Vide Hampshire meeting, &c.

V. A *libel* upon princes or ministers is nothing but a *fair exposure*, but he who exposes *yourself* is always to be considered a libeller.

* Note. Satirist, No. xiv. pages 301, Vol. iii.

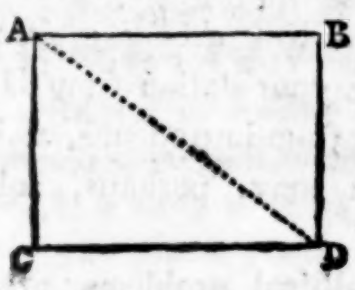
VI. A *charge* is always to be considered as a *proof* of guilt. With respect to the application of *this* axiom, you are to call upon the accused to prove his innocence; this saves *you* trouble, and is an infallible method *ad captandum vulgus*. Vide POL. REG. passim.

Our axioms being thus clearly laid down, little remains for the juvenile, or the hoary headed politician, but to apply them in practice; we shall therefore proceed *gradatim sed non seriatim*, to the solution of the necessary problems, according to our proposed division of the science.

The first book is to consist of the problems in LITERARY POLITICS, which division of course applies not only to the *writing of politics*, but also to the mode of applying *letters* to *political purposes;* and the student must observe that the latter may be made the most useful, though perhaps not always the most lucrative problems. In this branch of *literary* politics, you will find great assistance from the easy *gullibility* of honest John, for if you tell him you have a letter, or have seen a letter, or even have *heard* of a letter, no matter to whom, nor from whom, 'tis all one, as Scrub says in the play, "If there is a *woman* in it, there must be a *plot*." Another great advantage in letters is, that although you cannot ascertain by whom they were written, there is nothing more easy than to prove *that they were delivered*. But to commence with our plan.

PROBLEM 1st. How to appear *in pursuit of truth*, and yet lead your readers into the *maze of falsehood*.

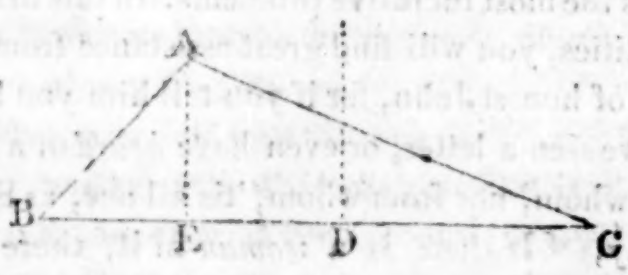
Let A B C D form a square, to be called the square of public opinion.



Let A represent the point of research, A B the line of investigation, B the point of truth, C the point of doubt, A D the line of prejudice, and D the maze of falsehood. If a syllogism at A is impelled in the direction A B, towards the point of truth, and at the same time is attracted with an equal force by a power at C, it will no longer follow the strait line of investigation A B, but will describe the diagonal A D, thus arriving at the maze of falsehood, and just as far distant from the point of truth as when first set in motion. Q. E. F.

Problem 2d. How to establish an *upright* character from your own writings.

Let ABC form an *oblique* triangle, let A be the point of character, A B the line of ignorance, AC the line of impudence, and let the *base* part of the triangle represent *your*



own writings, and D, in the *centre* of the *base* line, your station. But a perpendicular, or *uprightline* at D, will never touch the point of character at A, therefore take the line of impudence AC in your compasses, and with one foot in C, extend the other on the line BC, it is evident you will overreach yourself at D, or with the line of ignorance in your compasses, and one foot in B, you will then fall short of your proper station, so that you must either proceed in a line *declining from the upright* as AD, or by moving your station from D to E, which will remove you farther from impudence, and bring you nearer to ignorance, you may, perhaps, solve the problem. Q. E. F.

As very few political problems, are to be performed

by *right* lines, we will proceed to some other points of literary politics; and the next shall be

PROBLEM 3d. How to write a political letter.

This problem, indeed, is consequent to, though not dependent on, the second part of our work, or *oratorical politics;* for you must make a speech before you can possibly have occasion to write the letter; we shall, however, solve it in this place.

Having made a speech, which you afterwards find it convenient to represent as being misunderstood, you will supply yourself with pens, ink, and *paper;* for the latter article you may apply to your TEMPLE friend, as *he* must be well supplied with that article, having lately had in his possession, *as much as he could carry away with him.* To shew your geographical knowledge, you may write about SPAIN, and address your letter TO HOLLAND; you will then observe, that the ministry were *unfit to be trusted* in the present crisis, and yet you think they ought to be left "to form and execute their own designs," an observation which may induce some to suppose, that you wish *them* not to succeed, in order that you and your friends *may succeed them!* Print your letter, sell it for sixpence! *Probatum est.*

Having thus learned how to write a letter, we come to

PROBLEM 4th. How to deliver a letter.

Having written your letter, invite your friends to dine with you, or yourself to dine with them. Mem, the *latter* is by much the pleasantest, and most convenient way; let your letter then be brought by a *lady in breeches,* or a gentleman in petticoats, and delivered at the dinner-table with proper stage effect; draw up a declaration that the letter was delivered and received: your friends cannot refuse to sign a story so short and simple; then tack to it what tale you please; and, depend on it, that nine-tenths of the world will believe the whole, because

one half is true.—N. B. Be sure to bribe the waiter, who first receives it, to *abscond.*

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

AMONG the numerous candidates who have lately appeared as competitors for the prize of philanthrophic ingenuity, it is surely both melancholy and unaccountable, that no one has yet devoted his labour and abilities to higher objects, than the polish of a boot, or the expulsion of the tooth-*aitch*. While every street is placarded with thousands of infallible nostrums for the cure of every malady incident to the human frame, and every newspaper filled with advertisements of new-invented wigs and patent cork-screws, it might have been expected that some of the Jones's, or the Windsors of the day, would be induced, by a disinterested desire to soar beyond the contracted sphere of less venturous, and less skilful rivals, to give to mankind a NEW SYSTEM OF RELIGION.

The world of fashion has long been weary of so antiquated and repulsive a religion as Christianity. The stays and farthingales of former periods, have been exchanged for lighter and less cumbersome habiliments, and why should not a change equally easy and convenient take place in religion? No ballet at the Opera House is suffered to go longer than a season, and why should the performances at a house, devoted to purposes of a nature so exactly similar, be suffered to fatigue us by perpetual repetition? To suppose that any of the dashing belles and fashionable loungers of the present day would attend any place of worship, for the purpose of listening to the minister, or joining in the service, is ridiculous! A

chapel is now only a place of resort to the idle, the amorous, and the fashionable.

It is to be feared, however, that little as the service is attended to, the greater part of many of our town congregations would be glad to dispense with its performance. It is always unpleasing to hear a lecture on a subject which we do not understand, and to be confounded by critical remarks on quotations from some old-fashioned book, which we have never seen, and of which we know nothing, but what we have been told by our nurses, or our grandmothers. Were a well-dressed man to take some new Atalantis for his text-book, and to expound to his audience, the various whispers, inuendoes, and *double entendres* of the week, how much more would his female auditors be delighted and instructed than, by lectures on chastity, frugality, and a thousand other subjects, many of which it would be an insult to suppose that a lady of the present day could possibly understand! The epicure might be much more delighted and instructed by a lecture on lobster-sauce, or a dissertation on potted charr, than by a sermon on temperance; and the betrayer of female innocence be highly delighted and assisted by a systematic treatise on seduction.

To obviate some of the inconveniences I have mentioned, and to enable the votaries of fashionable pleasure to while away the Sunday morning with some satisfaction to themselves, and some credit to their teachers, is an object equally desirable and arduous; and notwithstanding all my ambition to become the high priest of fashion, I have not yet been able to hit upon any existing plan which does not appear liable to objections. I have been induced, therefore, to enquire, whether many of the requisite advantages might not be procured by the revival, or modification of Paganism; and the conclusion has been so per-

fectly satisfactory, that I have lost no time in communicating it to the Satirist.

The ancients, as you well know, had a distinct temple appropriated to the worship of each particular divinity. The votaries of Venus, Bacchus, and Mercury, were accustomed to attend the service of their favourite deity, and to receive even practical instruction from the ministers in the most important mysteries of religion, without being mortified, or interrupted by the observation of each other. The miser never stood in the same portico with the profligate, nor did the virgin votaries of Diana associate with the wanton courtezans who crowded to the temple of the Paphian Venus. Humility of disposition, and congeniality of sentiment, communicated to such assemblies an enthusiasm which overpowered every subordinate feeling; and instead of the gloomy dulness of a London chapel, the interior of a Roman temple presented the gratifying spectacle of a people who rendered even the ceremonies of religion subservient to corporeal enjoyment; whose pleasures unvitiated by affectation, and unrestrained by fear, were sublime to a degree of ecstasy, to which the more sluggish inhabitants of Britain are total strangers.

If such was the religious discipline of a people, whose virtue and wisdom have been the envy and the wonder of succeeding ages, it is surely both the interest and the duty of the people of these degenerated times, to copy their regulations, and imitate their example. By converting our places of worship into temples appropriated to the exclusive worship of some particular deity, the confusion, and inconvenience produced by the promiscuous intercourse of the modest and the wanton, the prudent and the licentious, may be easily avoided. The sluggish will be animated by emulation, and the timid encouraged by example. The prayers will no longer be unheard, nor

the text forgotten; and the exhortations of the preacher, instead of being listened to with *ennui*, and remembered with pain, will be an object of the most enraptured attention during their delivery, and a source of secret satisfaction in our moments of convivial pleasure, or solitary meditation. Some people will, at first sight, consider the idea of worshipping the gods and goddesses of antiquity as too chimerical for real practice; they will observe, that it is impossible for any human being to believe in the absurdities of ancient mythology, and that my proposal rather tends, therefore, to the abolition of the present religion than the establishment of a new one. But it is not my intention that we should worship the same Mars, the same Apollo, and the same Venus, who were worshipped by the ancients. They are beings with whose merits we are unacquainted, and of whose existence we are uncertain, and they have, therefore, no claim to our reverence or gratitude.

Instead of trusting to the uncertainty of tradition, let us offer our praise and admiration to excellence which we ourselves have an opportunity of observing; and instead of ascribing, like the nations of antiquity, unavailing honours to the departed, let us shew our wisdom, and our gratitude, by erecting temples to the worship of the living. We surely need not be ashamed of paying to a living Venus the devotion which was paid by the most enlightened nations of antiquity to a dead one, and a modern Apollo is much better able to reward our adoration than the ideal musician of antiquity.

The following list of a few of those who would be likely to occupy the most conspicuous station in this new system of mythology, is submitted with a due conviction of the difficulty of making a selection, which might excite no difference of opinion in the fashionable world. That the reader may be able to judge more correctly of the claims

of the respective personages, I have taken the liberty of making an extract or two from TOOK'S PANTHEON.

MR. S..... BACCHUS. "Why do you laugh? Who can forbear, when he sees that filthy, shameless, and immodest god, with a naked body, a red face, lascivious looks, in an effeminate posture, and dispirited with luxury, and overcome with wine? His swollen cheeks resemble bottles; his great belly, fat breasts, and his distended swelling paunch, represent a hogshead, rather than a god, to be carried in that chariot." (Tooke, page 57.) This god will have worshippers of all descriptions, from the peer to the cobler. He will be an object of peculiar veneration to the tapsters of Westminster, and the draymen of Blow-bladder-street; and will even find some ardent, though secret votaries, in the vicinity of the Tabernacle. HIGH PRIEST, Mr..... PLACES OF WORSHIP. The gods private sanctuary, in ... W, Hole-in-the-wall, Fleet-street; Dun Cow, Seven Dials; Temple of the High Priest Devonshire Place, &c. &c. Many private closets may be fitted up for the use of such as are prevented by peculiar circumstances from performing their devotions in public.

LADY E. B—— VENUS. "View that goddess, in whose countenance all graces sit, and play, and discover all their charms. You see a pleasantness, a mirth and joy in every part of the face. You see a thousand pretty beauties and delights sporting wantonly on her snowy bosom. Observe with what a becoming pride she holds up her head, and views herself, when she finds nothing but joys and soft delights. By her side stand two Cupids, and round her stand the three Graces, and after her follows the *lovely, beautiful* Adonis (Mr. H.) That is Venus, the goddess of love, the patroness of strumpets, the vile promoter of impudence and lust, infamous for so many whoredoms, rapes, and *incests*, whom, in more

honorable terms, men style the Goddess of the Graces, the author of elegance, beauty, neatness, delight, and cheerfulness; but in reality she is *an impudent strumpet, the mistress and president of obscenity.* It were endless to repeat the names of all those whom she has armed to the ruin of one another, whom she has turned into beasts, by inciting them to commit such monstrous wickedness, as modesty will not let me mention." (Tooke, 107. 115.)

PLACES of WORSHIP. The Key Chapel, Chandos-street, and innumerable other places, private and public. The Marquis of A. has already erected a temple to this deity, at S...., and has himself initiated half a dozen priestesses into her most secret mysteries. The M. of T. has a private temple in Sloan-street. The number of her votaries is immense; and Lady A., Mrs. B., Miss C. and so on through all the letters of the alphabet, have become martyrs to the fervency of their adoration.

DR. MARTIN BREE. ÆSCULAPIUS. This divinity is in close alliance with the goddess of Venus, and it seldom happens that any man is a constant worshipper of the one, without afterwards imploring the assistance of the other.

PLACE OF WORSHIP, 110, Hatton Garden.

MR. WINDHAM. JANUS; a god with two faces.

THELWAL. ÆOLUS, or the god of puffing.

CORUNNA.

Ye loyal sons of Britain, hail!
Shout, comrades! for ye heard the roar
Of combat, wafted in the gale
From bleak Corunna's fatal shore.

With vengeful haste hell's dæmon past
Exultant to the work of death;
In valour's pride our hero died,
But gave to victory his honour'd breath.

Though cold assail'd, though hunger prest,
No murmurs his brave comrades show'd;
Still, still, in each intrepid breast,
The flame of glory fiercely glow'd.
But when again they saw the main,
That charter'd bulwark of our isle,
Such sweet surprise illum'd their eyes
That ev'n gaunt Famine's cheek was seen to smile.

Entranc'd, our martial Moore espied,
And felt the magic of the hour;
He mark'd the billow's surging tide,
He blest the seat of Albion's power!
He gave the word: "Be every sword
"Once more unsheath'd in mortal fight;
"Our savage foe once more shall know
"By Ocean's wave Old England's matchless might."

They fought and conquer'd—Fraught with fate,
A bolt pursued its furious way;
It struck our chieftain as he sat
Calm in the fiercest of the fray.
Without a sigh, he turn'd his eye
Towards Albion's lofty clifts, and cried:
"England, farewel! .....For thee I fell!.....
"Accept this sacrifice!".....He swoon'd; he died.

O'er our departed hero's face
A smile of triumph seemed to play,
As warriors bent with honest grace
To gaze upon the warrior's clay:

Full many a tear bedew'd the bier
That bore his manly corse along;
A humble grave Corunna gave,
Her last sad tribute to our toil-worn throng.

Yes! 'Twas our gallant country's aim
To crush Oppression's iron car,
Foremost to hurl the bickering flame
And hottest thunderbolts of war:
Alas! though few the brave that drew
Their blades in Spain for freedom's cause,
Corunna's strands beheld our bands
Ev'n in retreat extort a world's applause.

NEW PROJECTS.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE the honour to belong to a very ancient family, a family famous for cutting up kingdoms—by canals, for draining fens and *purses;* and as my own schemes have always been intended for the public good, I beg leave, through your medium, to offer a few of them to an enlightened world.

As the Board of Longitude has already been of essential service to science, my first plan is, to establish *a Board of Latitude.* A learned friend of mine, to whom I mentioned it a few days since, recommended me to fill up the members from the *broad-shouldered* heroes of our sister isle; but this would be departing from my plan, as mine is not to be a standing but a *sitting* board, and is therefore much better adapted to the *broad-bottoms*, who will not only fill *their places* with great dignity, but are also particularly

fitted for this scientific society, as by their constant call for papers, they seem already to have found out the *perpetual motion!*

My second plan is more general, and founded "on the unerring principles of human nature," principles indeed of most extensive use, as a late secretary of war proposed them for the basis of his recruiting parties. Human nature seems particularly partial to *opposition;* for, notwithstanding the laudable endeavours of a certain society, vice becomes every day more barefaced, and more triumphant. In order, therefore, to avail myself of these unerring principles of *opposition*, I propose to establish "a Society for the Suppression of Modesty, Decency, and Virtue;" our committee shall meet on Sunday evening; and though our select directors shall be chosen from the most *prominent* characters in the fashionable world, yet any lady or gentleman, who can prove the entry of their name on the records of Doctors' Commons, shall be admitted as an honorary member. The novelty of my design will, at first, indeed, render it fashionable; but if I shall be fortunate enough to get it sanctioned by act of Parliament, so as to make it the law of the land, I fear not, that many, even of the members of the society, will begin to practise these three forbidden articles, in order to shew their independence.

My third plan is to procure a patent for my new Evangelical Gas, adapted solely for throwing light into our modern conventicles. This, of course, is to be done by subscription, at 6d. per share, which subscription shall be solely expended in purchasing fuel. As Zoroaster bought his holy fire from heaven, so our flame shall be kindled by the sacred leaves of the Evangelical Magazine, whose spirit will quickly evaporate, and leave nothing but a *caput mortuum* in the retort. The efficacy of this *new light* will be most extraordinary, as it will be found

to operate with most effect, whilst the learned, or rather unlearned operator keeps his audience in the dark; and it will be equally useful in serving as a guide to a lost sheep, or in enabling a pious pastor *to find a pair of breeches*!

My fourth invention, on which I pride myself the most, is a certain and speedy method of teaching grown ladies and gentlemen to play their cards properly; and is fitted on that plan, by which Messrs. Harris and Tabart, and other great dealers in small books, tempt little children into the flowery paths of literature.

This consists of two packs of examination cards, on one the questions are written, on the other the answers; so that, after a few hours practice, the learner will be enabled to give *any* answer to *any* question, without blushing, or hesitating at the seeming incongruity. A few specimens will suffice. After shuffling, suppose the cards dealt out. Are you Married? Ask the Parson. Are your debts paid? Ask the Lawyer. Did you ride your Donkey, or come on foot? Ask my Ass. So that you see, Sir, it will either do for London, or the watering places.

Your's, as in duty bound,

PETER PROJECT.

STRICTURES ON COBBETT.

No. VII.

"Destroy his web and sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again."

SUCH of our readers as are unacquainted with the callousness of literary culprits will wonder how Cobbett

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

can have the audacity to descant upon the misdeeds of others, while the blasting evidence of his own guilt, which we adduced against him in our last number, remains unnoticed. We did not bring forward *our* charges on the authority of an abandoned and revengeful strumpet; our proofs were obtained from the archives of the war office; where his name is recorded as a deserter, who, to gratify the worst of passions, "did not hesitate to deceive his king, and make a MOCKERY of PUBLIC JUSTICE." This is the man who now daringly canvasses the conduct of our illustrious commander in chief, whom he has before so grossly and so repeatedly libelled. In page 45, of The Political Register, of Jan. 14, Cobbett accuses us of having endeavoured violently to prejudice against Finnerty those persons* *who may happen to be the jury upon his trial*, for a libel against the Duke of York; than which, says he, "*surely nothing can be more wicked.*" And again, in page 46, he adds, "I have now had a pretty long interview with the press, but, except in America, I certainly never did meet with any thing so wicked and base as this."

Is it then more wicked to prejudice the public against a man, whose reputation has been by twelve honest and good men† estimated at a *single shilling*, than to strive by diabolical inuendoes to excite not only prejudice but OUTRAGE against the illustrious prince, whose conduct is now under parliamentary investigation, and who stands accused (we verily believe unjustly) of the most serious misdemeanors? ——

* The falsehood of this accusation was completely proved in Westminster Hall, on the 18th inst. before Sir James Mansfield and a special Jury.—— Vide Trial, Peter Finnerty versus Tipper, Publisher of the Satirist, for a Libel.

† A *special* Jury of his Countrymen.

Who can read his comments on the proceedings of the house of commons with respect to the Duke of York, without shuddering at his injustice, his malice, and his depravity? Even in his report of the speeches of the different members he introduces *italics* and CAPITALS, for the purpose of bringing the accused into contempt and ridicule. Such is the impartiality—such is the honesty of all those who are perpetually raving about the *rights* of Englishmen.

When Colonel Wardle brought forward his charges, did ministers attempt to smother them,* or did the accused endeavour to shun investigation?—No! We are assured that three months ago His Royal Highness was apprized of Mrs. Clarke's malicious intentions, and might, at a trifling expence, have purchased her papers and her silence, but he magnanimously refused her infamous terms. Does this appear like conscious guilt?

Mr. York's manly and specific declaration, that he believed a CONSPIRACY to exist, has astounded and alarmed, not only Cobbett, but all the factious demagogues and libellers of the kingdom.—Their galled withers shrunk at the probe.—Their yells were echoed through the nation—and their coward hearts trembled as they thought of the pillory and the jail.

What is a CONSPIRACY, but the union of wicked persons to promote wicked ends? And can any one, who reads the libels of Hague, Finnerty, Cobbett, Hunt and Maccallum, believe that these men do not act in concert? Cobbett confesses his connection with Finnerty; and Finnerty has written to editors of certain newspapers, requesting them to copy into their columns what *it was in contemplation to publish in Cobbett's Register.*

* Cobbett artfully endeavours to ridicule the idea of ministers wishing for the enquiry.

In an obscure paper, called the Examiner, we beheld on the 15th of last month, the united efforts of Hunt, Hague and Cobbett, each having contributed something towards effecting their common cause.—We think this is enough to justify Mr. York's declaration; but, as Mr. Cobbett has been the loudest in reprobating the idea of a conspiracy, we will present him with further evidence on the subject; and that the very same evidence on which he would *conscientiously* convict the Duke of York. Although *we* would not suspect *even* Mr. Cobbett or Major Semple on *such* testimony, we most unequivocally assert, that above two months back Mrs. CLARKE (the identical infamous Mrs. Clarke, whom Mr. Cobbett tells us, it is necessary we *should believe, because* she is the only person who could have obtained information on certain important subjects) declared, that WILLIAM COBBETT, SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, and others, had offered her *liberal terms*, provided she could substantiate any charges against the Royal Duke, and requested her to sit down for a fortnight, and put every thing she could upon paper, stating what documents she could produce against him." Yet, unless the newspapers misinform us, this same Mrs. Clarke declared at the Bar of the House of Commons, that she "had never said any such thing either to Donovan, or *any other person*."—Now, Mr. Cobbett, what think you of Mrs. Clarke's veracity? The gentleman to whom she made this declaration, has *not* been examined at the Bar of the House.

We by no means intend to defend His Royal Highness's connection with persons of Mrs. Clarke's description, but cannot discover how such a connection is more disgraceful to a prince than to a private person. It is however not the *moral* but the *official* conduct of the

Duke of York which is the subject of invesigation, and we must expresss our indignation at the base endeavors of Cobbett and *others*, to prejudice the public against him as Commander in Chief, by attacking his moral character as a man.

We were a little surprized that such letters as some of those which we have seen in newspaper reports, should have been read as evidence; but it must be allowed that their production has clearly proved that Mrs. Clarke, from the commencement of her connection with the Duke of York, studiously endeavoured to secure the means of preventing, or at least of *revenging* a future separation. For what woman, who had not such views, would have thus carefully preserved every little note, expressive of her protector's fondness?

Till the whole of the evidence, which has or may be adduced against the illustrious accused shall be published, we shall content ourselves with observing that, with the exception of what has been said by persons convicted of premeditated falsehoods, we do think that very little has appeared which does not reflect the highest honor on His Royal Highness's conduct in his *public capacity*; and confess, that the investigation has done away many prejudices which we had imbibed.

Of the talents, honor and integrity of Colonel Gordon, our admiration is now unbounded; and Mr. Greenwood, also, who has so repeatedly been calumniated by Hague, Finnerty, M'Callum and Cobbett, now appears in his true character, that of an upright and honorable man.

We cannot conclude this article without congratulating our countrymen on Finnerty's* having prosecuted

*A correct report of this most important trial may be had at our office, and of all the booksellers in the kingdom.

our publisher for a libel, since he has thereby completely displayed the *real* characters of all those outrageous demagogues, who, like himself and Cobbett, are continually raving about "THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

February 20th.

COBBETT.

SIR,

A charge of a most serious and diabolical nature having been brought against Cobbett in the last number of the Satirist *, I did imagine that this valorous champion, this stickler for morals, this public inquisitor, this universal reformer, this upright, independent, patriotic declaimer, would have condescended to notice it. In looking over, however, the dirty columns of The Political Register of Saturday last, I do not find the remotest allusion to this tremendous attack. Tremendous, indeed, it may be called, from its very nature, and, in the relation which it bears to this filthy nuisance of civilized society, must inflict the deathblow to his political career. Had this wretch felt the consciousness of innocence, we should not have found him thus passive:—He would not thus have tamely endured a state of inaction: he would not have thus disgracefully shielded himself by silence. Could he, in any shape, have invalidated the charge, either by his impudence, his tergiversation, his falsehood, or his ingenuity, he would certainly have ventured the attempt. He who knows so well how to brandish the

* See the Satirist, Number XVII.—Page 129.

weapons of defiance, and to scatter the seeds of slander, who is stopped, in his profligate course, neither by a sense of justice nor of shame, had there been the slenderest chance of success, would not have shrunk from resistance. No! Had he been innocent, he would have stepped forth with the vengeance, though not with the dignity of the lion, and would at once have immolated his victim at the altar of his wrongs. Had he hoped even to delude into a *belief* of innocence, by impeaching the veracity of his accusers, he would have attacked with the subtlety of the fox, and have devoured with the voracity of the hyena. But the charge is too direct, the proof too positive, the conviction of guilt too irrefragable, even for this daring and atrocious demagogue to venture within the lists of defence. Feeling the extent of his infamy, he deems it more prudent to be dumb, and, by not challenging investigation, flatters himself with the prospect of oblivion. Prostrated by the blow, he dreads the renewal of the combat, and, fearful of spreading the tidings of his cowardice and defeat, he sneaks without an effort from the ring.—Thus is this universal censor at length convicted and confounded. He who for years past, has been assaulting with impunity every object of public reverence and attachment, who has, indiscriminately, levelled his venal and illegitimate shafts against virtue or vice, as they chanced to be guided by the wayward breath of popular clamour or applause, is at length felled motionless to the ground. Justice sooner or later performs her office, and this practised delinquent is pinioned at last. But, Mr. Cobbett, although you have risen by the fruits of your vile labours from the rank of a common soldier to the rank of a Hampshire *squire*, do you think that your silence

shall shelter you. You may have ascended in that scale of consequence which ill-gotten wealth confers, but the prerogation of wealth shall neither save nor screen you. You shall be dragged trembling from your lurking hole, and held up to the scorn and derision of those whom you have so long deceived. Disprove the accusation, or it shall ring in your ears till you have abandoned your office. As you have inflicted wrongs without mercy, so you shall suffer justice without compassion. You, who have been a universal libeller, who, to feed the grossness of your appetites, have kindled the passions of the living, and sifted the ashes of the dead, who have so long been basely planting your poisoned daggers in the vitals of honest fame, who have been bullying, and blustering, and storming, and ranting, and lying for years, are at length entrapped in one of your own toils. Your unjust and wicked insolence in attacking the characters of others, has provoked enquiry into your own: and when, in that enquiry, nothing appears but what is odious and base, nothing but what bespoke a depraved and treacherous, and an unmanly heart, both your productions and your society must be henceforth rejected by every honest man, and you must be consigned to the infamy and neglect which you so preeminently deserve.

London, February 13.

ON LORD FOLKSTONE'S CONDUCT.

SIR,

IN the Morning Post of this day I have read the report of a speech, which although it is stated to have

issued from the mouth of William Cobbett's pupil, has filled me with astonishment; and I very much doubt if the tergiverse *deserter* himself could have uttered language more repugnant to common sense and common justice.

It appears that great doubts were entertained as to the hand writing of a certain note, and the evidence of Colonel Gordon and others not being positive, it was deemed necessary by the committee of the house of commons, that some persons practised in the art of identifying and comparing writings and signatures, should be called upon to state their opinions.—Now, Sir, if truth is the object of the committee, of which I trust there is no doubt, this surely was a most fair and rational mode of proceeding; and God and his conscience can only know what *motives* could induce any man to oppose it—I have no right to examine into them; but to comment upon a newspaper report of his words, is my undoubted privilege as a free-born Englishman.

My remarks, however, must be made with the strictest caution; for Lord Folkstone, like Cobbett and Peter Finnerty, is a *profest* stickler for the liberty of the press, and is therefore the most likely man in the world to prosecute both you and me with the "utmost rigor," if he should discover any thing libellous in my language.

I have before stated that according to the newspaper reports, the note in question had not been proved to be in the Royal Duke's hand writing. What then must have been the surprise,—the indignation of every honest man at reading the following absurd, inconsistent, and unjust sentences.

"LORD FOLKSTONE observed, that comparison of hand writing was a species of evidence *seldom* resorted to. In the *present instance*, a reference to any thing of the kind must be entirely nugatory. It *had been positively* asserted that the *Letters* in question" (if the report be correct, his Lordship here, *unintentionally of course*, confounded *other* Letters with the *Note* 'in question') "were in the hand writing of the Duke of York. *Mrs. Clarke* had *almost* indubitably proved that they had been written by the Commander in Chief Her evidence had been CLEAR AND SATISFACTORY!!!" (I have no doubt that *great* part of her evidence was very *satisfactory* to the noble Lord and his *tutor*—'I had, *almost*,' said his *master*.) "And when gentlemen read the minutes of the house, and attentively perused her several examinations he thought *every doubt* on the subject would be dissipated!!!!—Her evidence on the subject had been as UNIFORM AND CONSISTENT as *ever had been delivered before any tribunal!!!* *"

Gracious God! but I must restrain my pen, for his Lordship is the pupil of Cobbett and a profest *stickler for the liberty of the press!*—Still let me venture to ask him, how any evidence given by a prevaricating, malicious and revengeful prostitute, who has been *satisfactorily* detected in at least a score gross and wilful falsehoods, can be "*clear*, SATISFACTORY, UNIFORM, AND CONSISTENT?"—Had his Lordship "*clearly*" forgotten that Mr. Wardle's own evidence on the evening of February 3rd, completely convicted Mrs. Clarke of falsehood, she having stated that she never saw him on the Tuesday, when it appeared that she had in reality seen him THRICE? Had he "*satisfactorily*" ceased to remember the evidence of Messrs. Robert Knight, Donovan, Reid, Nichols, Maltby, and all the others, who proved Mrs. Clarke unworthy of credit?—

* Vide Morning Post of Tuesday, February 21st.

Had he "UNIFORMLY" resolved to recollect nothing which tended to impeach that *respectable* lady's veracity?—And had he "*consistently*" obliterated from the tablet of his memory that she had herself *positively denied* having entrusted Captain Sanden with *any note* in the hand writing of the Duke of York, although she was not *quite positive* she had never sent him a note similar to the one in question written by herself?

I cannot help thinking that if his Lordship's memory is so very treacherous, he had better contrive some means to smuggle his *tutor* into parliament, who might then be *continually* at his elbow.

Mrs. Clarke has confessed that she could imitate the Duke's hand writing, and that to perfect herself in this convenient art of *innocent* forgery, she had taken regular lessons from a *professor*, who taught her to write "*in a certain way;*" it also appears that she had long been in the habit of obtaining money by pretending she had influence not only with her illustrious protector, but also with other persons in power, and is there any man of common sense, who does not believe her capable of resorting to her *imitative* accomplishment as a means of carrying on her schemes of fraud and delusion?—The wording of the note in question is precisely adapted to such a purpose, and precisely what such an artful woman would have written, viz. "I have received your note, and Tonyn's business shall remain as it is." Can any thing be plainer? Captain Tonyn suspected Mrs. Clarke's influence, and wanted his money returned, but such a note was at once calculated to remove his suspicions and to secure the money in her possession.

Is it probable that she would devote her time to the art of *forgery* unless she had it in contemplation to *profit* by his instructions?

His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief's feelings have been cruelly sported with, and most grievously wounded; but no reflecting man will even *suspect* him to be guilty on the unsubstantiated evidence of this most execrable woman.

While Lord Folkstone is the admiration of Cobbett, I cannot expect him to be impartial, but God forbid that any member of the British senate should be guilty of injustice: and I therefore do hope and trust that his speech has not been correctly reported in the MORNING POST.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

February 21*st*, 1809. M.

MRS. CLARKE,—A NEW SONG.

OF France, of Portugal and Spain,
Tho' now we're in the dark,
Yet what is Bonaparté's power
Compar'd to Mrs. Clarke.

Our senators, so learn'd and wise,
No more on laws remark;
Of taxes, debts, they think no more,
They think of Mrs. Clarke.

Young members, in a maiden speech,
Would hem, and hum, and bark,
They try their voices better now
By sifting Mrs. Clarke.

Lordlings, whose skill could ne'er before
Of wit produce one spark,
Are wond'rous witty now become
By means of Mrs. Clarke.

John Bull, who gaped at public news
Wide as a whale or shark,
Now swallows, with distended jaws,
The tub of Mrs. Clarke.

Where e'er the prating crouds are met,
In Bond Street or the Park,
No other sounds invade our ears,
But talk of Mrs. Clarke.

Sure when yon patriot opes his mouth
Sense will come forth—but hark!
He does not speak of public wrongs,
He speaks of Mrs. Clarke.

The lobby, gallery, all are filled
By every idle spark,
Eager to get a single glance
Of pretty Mrs. Clarke.

To the box lobby I will go,
Where hundreds I can mark
As fair, as witty, and as chaste
As patriot Mrs. Clarke.

With them I'll laugh, and chat and toy,
As gay as any lark,
Their favors are not half so dear
As those of Mrs. Clarke.

OPERA NUISANCE.

SIR,

BEING particularly fond of music, and wishing my daughters to acquire a taste for Italian singing, I took a box in the most conspicuous, and, as I thought, the most eligible situation of the opera house; and did imagine, from the immense price I paid, to have been protected from every description of nuisance;—Judge then, Sir, my astonishment at finding, last Saturday night, that the very next box to mine was occupied by a notorious prostitute, whose noisy and indecent conversation continually interrupted the attention, and shocked the ears of my family.—Is this to be tolerated! and are our wives and daughters thus to be driven from every public amusement? Mr. Taylor, at the commencement of the preceding season, published a bill, intimating that "Ladies of a description more easily understood than expressed," should not even be suffered to enter the *pitt* of this theatre. Now, Sir, I do not know what Mr. Taylor's powers of *expression* may be, nor can I comprehend to what description of females he alluded, unless to *prostitutes*, who, by the bye, appear, from Mrs. Clarke's evidence at the bar of the house of commons, to be of a very opposite description, and much more easily *expressed* than *understood*. If, however, Mr. Taylor did allude to prostitutes, it seems, from what I witnessed, that he only meant to exclude them from the PITT, that they might find pro-

tectors who would *liberally* obtain them places in the BOXES: in the lower circle of which I beheld, a few nights back Mrs. Phœbe Berkeley, whom report states to be under the protection of a Mr. Attersol; Mrs. Byng; Mrs. Simmons; the notorious Madame Carnivale, who is, *pro tempore*, the concubine of Lord K. and several other professed votaries of the Cyprian goddess.

That these women should be restrained by any sense of decency or modesty, from intruding themselves into situations originally destined for rank and virtue, is not to be expected; but, Sir, have their paramours, who pay for this indulgence, no sense of the influence which such a public display of *meretricious* grandeur, and *apparent* felicity must have upon the morals of their sisters and their daughters? Have they no regard for the interests and the feelings of virtuous society? And are the managers, who suffer that public by whom they are maintained to be thus insulted, dead to every sense of shame, and lost to every sentiment of gratitude? It is an evil which calls aloud for correction, which must, which SHALL BE CORRECTED!!!

I am,

SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

E.

Grosvenor Square,
Feb. 12, 1809.

POLITICAL MISERIES.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the great pleasure which our quidnuncs seem to feel, in brooding over *political miseries*, and the thriving trade which some folks drive by *registering* them, I have often been surprized that none of the wholesale dealers in misery should have written on the *miseries of politicians*, considering what a very *miserable* race we are in general. I had hoped, indeed, that the Reverend Batchelor of Arts would have taken our case into consideration: but he, I am told, has acquired so many comforts by retailing miseries, that he has left off grinding at the Albemarle Street Miller's; it remains, then, for me to sketch a few of those to which *we* are so peculiarly liable.

To commence my labours in a systematic manner, I ought to divide them into two general heads, The Miseries of the INS, and The Miseries of the OUTS. But, alas! Sir, if the first class *have* any miseries, they are so tender of our feelings, so careful that *we* shall not participate in them, that I have not yet had an opportunity of judging of what they consist. 'Tis true that some of our friends had a short opportunity of making an experiment, but that only increased the misery of us minor politicians, who were doomed, Tantalus like, to have the good things within our reach, but were still unable to touch them. This, however, lasted but a short time, for our friends, like the Dutch tumbling toys, whose heads are loaded with lead, were unable to sit *uprightly*, though placed on broad bottoms; I shall,

therefore proceed to a few of our own miseries, happy if they will prove a warning to all aspiring young men who wish to "enlist *for* present pay," as the Recruiting Serjeants say.

1st Misery. Being troubled with a bad memory, and unable to repeat exactly at one side of a closet door, what you have heard said on the other.

2nd. When you can be no longer *stationary* in office, taking *Stationary* out of office, and then to hear your friends *making motions for papers*, until you imagine they are quizzing you instead of badgering the minister.

3rd. Moving for papers for the sake of making a speech, to have them refused by an *extravagant* ministry, under pretence of economy.

4th. As a rare example of Spartan virtue, bearing evidence against the man you call your friend, boasting of being *in his confidence*, when it appears you were only in the confidence *of his cook!*

5th. Whilst on the hustings, in all the confidence of success, boasting that you had given your enemies a *check;* when your *friend* the red-faced orator exclaims "Oh, d—n your *cheques*, they an't worth sixpence!"

6th. When your father gives up his *country seat*, for a *seat in* town, you post down certain of succeeding him,—the mob meet you on the road—take your horses from the chaise—your heart palpitating with joy at

the thought of being dragged—triumphantly into the ancient corporation—when the mob turning the head, not of your horses, but of your chaise pole, towards London, tell you not to think of jumping into your father's *old shoes !*

7th. At an election, after assimilating your language and manners to that of the lowest of the mob, in order to gain popularity, you find that they consider you *merely on a level with themselves.*

8th. The painful attempts at political consistency, whilst advocating the practices of *ancient Toryism,* on modern Whig principles.

9th. Whilst your friends are in power, invited to a city feast, you promise yourself great satisfaction from this *novel* occurrence, when unfortunately before the important day arrives, a change takes place, and you are placed at table, midst a squad of the successful party.

10th. Moving a vote of censure, which terminates in an address of thanks.

11th. Having a flaming speech for an election meeting, to be silenced in the midst of it by universal consent, as irrelevant to subject of debate.

Such, Mr. Satirist, are some of our minor miseries.—

" Quæque ipse miserrima vidi ;
" Et quorum pars magna fui."

There are many others, however, which I may perhaps

relate at some future opportunity, such as being sent *plenipotentiary* without *full powers*, &c.

Your's,

ONE OF THE OUTS.

THE LOITERER.

No. XIII.

TO a mind untinctured by prejudice or misanthropy, nothing can be more apparent than the tendency of certain moral restrictions to destroy that easy grace, which constitutes the principal charm of social intercourse, and distinguishes refinement and civilization from rudeness and barbarism. Restraint of every sort, indeed, may be said to be essentially wrong, and only to be justifiable by necessity; but that all moral restraint is not only unnecessary, but improper, is evident from the present manners of the more enlightened classes of society, which have attained the highest degree of refinement; and are at the same time in every respect, irreconcileable with the maxims of those, who, by the unpolished part of mankind, have been regarded as moralists. At all times the evidence of practice is to be preferred to the speculations of theory; and, where a practice, entirely adverse to any theory, is generally persisted in, it is most natural to conclude, that the theory must be either fundamentally wrong, or at all events irreducible to practice. For to impute crimi-

nality, or even error, to an age of such distinguished worth and talent as the present, on account of its total disregard of every article in the moral code, would be the highest degree of presumption; since it is not to be imagined, that, by such an age, the most trifling moral obligation would not be exactly observed, if there were not found in the breach more profit and amusement. It is not however intended to claim for our contemporaries any superiority in this respect, for it does not appear, that the world was ever too fond of morality; and if there be any fidelity in the representations of those who, at different periods, have undertaken to delineate the manners of mankind, it must be confessed, however partiality might incline us to adjudge the preeminence to our own age, that there have been times, at least when Rome under her emperors attained the summit of luxury and refinement, there was *a* time, equally distinguished in every respect as the present, and of which it may be justly said to be a complete parallel.

A single instance will serve to illustrate this matter; and not to enter on more important points, which might lead to a discussion too grave and serious, it may be observed, that the practice of swearing, notwithstanding the denunciation of moralists, has been at all times a favorite fashion with most people. At first sight, indeed, it seems to possess few recommendations either of utility or amusement, but when its antiquity and universal prevalence are considered, these must naturally be presumed, and to insist on them would be superfluous.

It is not, perhaps, possible to ascertain, at this day, the person who first made use of an oath, or even the

exact period when swearing was first introduced; on such an investigation the labours of the most acute antiquarian might prove abortive; yet, if a conjecture might be hazarded, it is not improbable that Adam, on the discovery of his partner's criminal indulgence of her appetite with respect to the forbidden fruit, might, in the first ebullition of his passion, have given vent to something in the shape of an oath. But, however that be, it is certain, that the Jews, at a very early period of their history were notorious swearers; since the decalogue, under the severest penalty, prohibits the practice; to which, however, they were so much addicted, that we find, intermingled with their prayers to the Supreme Being, the bitterest curses and imprecations against their enemies.

It has been observed that Homer, whom Virgil has copied in this as well as other particulars, is so sensible of the dignity of swearing, that he deals his oaths very sparingly to the Greeks and Trojans, reserving them chiefly for his deities; among whom Jove, as supreme, is distinguished by the grandeur and solemnity of his imprecations. In consideration of their sex and condition, however, both Helen and Dido are allowed a very decent share of cursing.

The most celebrated orators of antiquity were perfectly aware of the importance of swearing, and considered oaths as a principal figure of rhetoric; and if Cicero and Demosthenes could not fight as well as some of those whom they so liberally abused, we find by their works, which are preserved, that they could at least swear as bravely as the best of them. But it is by the dramatic writers of Greece and Rome that we are presented with the greatest variety of oaths; which they have adapted to the different characters they have

drawn with the most admirable delicacy and judgement; so that from their works alone, an ingenious compiler might frame a complete system of ancient oaths, by the use of which, any man, whatever his rank in society, might, on all occasions, swear as much as he liked, and yet swear classically.

Some persons, indeed, have had a predilection for some particular oath, which they have applied indifferently to all purposes: thus Stowe records that William Rufus generally swore by *Luke's face*, and King John by *God's tooth*. Nor has this humour been confined to individuals: the different nations of Europe are not more distinguished by their variety of manners, than by their peculiar modes of swearing; as if jealous of their national honour on this point, they seem all to have chosen expressions, which cannot be translated out of their original language with any degree of propriety or elegance. Spaniards, Germans, and Italians, all deal in oaths, the spirit of which would entirely evaporate on exportation. It will be sufficient, however, to instance the French *Ventrebleu! Morbleu! Mort de ma vie!* &c. which, though very respectable in themselves, appear perfectly ridiculous when put into an English dress: for a man who should seriously exclaim *Blue-belly! Blue-death! Death of my life!* &c. would very justly be pronounced to have little taste in swearing. On the other hand, there are many oaths so completely of English growth, that they will not take root in any foreign soil. But it is the sole and exclusive possession of the emphatic DAMN and its derivatives, that the English may with justice lay claim to the first rank as a swearing nation, since, by the extensive application of this word, no people upon heart can with so good a grace as they, give their body, soul,

heart, blood, and eyes to the devil. So identified, indeed, is an Englishman with his DAMN, that his continental neighbours recognize him as familiarly by the title of MONSIEUR G—D DAMN as by that of M. ROAST BEEF, JOHN BULL, or any other name, which his national peculiarities have obtained for him.

This oath appears to have been a long established favourite in England. The SPECTATOR tells of a gentleman, who won a fair lady of fortune by only saying to her a dozen times a day—"G—d damn me, madam, I love you—you are a fine woman by G—d:" and it is justly observed, that this lady must have been a true lover of swearing, and provided she had oaths enough, could dispense with variety of expression. There have been, however, at various times, persons of a false and vitiated taste, who, more studious of novelty than propriety or elegance, have invented strange and fantastical modes of swearing, to which the fickleness of fashion has given a temporary currency and reputation: but though to such epicures, whose appetites are sickly from excess, stimulants of this sort may be necessary, they, whose imprecatory digestion is still unimpaired will always prefer *damn* as an oath of more substance and more real taste, than any of modern invention, however curiously they may be composed, and however picquant their sauce.

The most complete specimen of swearing, perhaps, in our own or any other language, and which the lovers of the art would do well to study with peculiar attention, is the speech of an old Earl of Pembroke to the puritanical Protector Cromwell, on receiving him and his courtiers at his country residence. From this venerable relic, the noble orator appears to have been well qualified to teach the science, as a professor; and it must

ever be a subject of regret that he left behind him no institutes or rules in the vulgar tongue, by the use of which the generations that succeeded him might have been enabled to emulate his excellence, not that there is much reason to complain, indeed, of our contemporaries, as being either ignorant of, or neglecting this science; but it would be an unwarrantable partiality to ourselves, to conceive that it is now first thoroughly understood. Ben Jonson, in one of his comedies, describing a character, says "That the oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a garrisoned town in good swearing a twelvemonth." And though it be true that several females of the higher order are now to be classed among our most eminent swearers, yet even this is not sufficient to authorize our considering the present age as the most illustrious in the history of swearing, since it will be recollected that Queen Elizabeth was as liberal of her oaths to ambassadors and bishops, as she was of blows to her courtiers and maids of honour. And it should seem that Shakespear intended an indirect compliment to his royal mistress on this account, when, in the character of Hotspur, he desires Lady Percy 'to leave such terms as *good sooth*, and swear like a lady as she has a good mouth-filling oath.'

On the whole, however, it may very fairly be said, that if the present age does not afford such illustrious instances of individual swearing as other times have produced, that there are few who have not acquired a very respectable proficiency in the science; which, if it has not been advanced, has at least been more generally diffused, and the amusement and advantage of the public, in consequence, proportionably promoted.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

METHODIST HYMNS.

"I am persuaded no such Hymn-Book as this has yet been published in the English Language.—WESLEY.

MR. SATIRIST,

Though the extracts composing the Bridal Hymn, in the beginning of your thirteenth Number*, were in perfect conformity with the opinions which I had long ago conceived, of the *studied solicitude* with which the dialect of the methodists, even on the most awful occasions, is adapted to the excitement and promotion of *certain ideas*, (a tendency easily traced from the well-known salacious character of old John Wesley), I confess I was rather surprized by a testimony on the subject so direct and full. My curiosity became stimulated to an inspection of the two passages with which you were ashamed to stain your pages, and I resolved to incur the expence of obtaining that gratification; but in the pursuit of this purpose I apprehended some obstacle: for I observed that you quoted from a provincial edition; and on introducing the topic into conversation among some frequenters of the methodist meetings, I was assured that this was a very old collection published by Wesley at the first foundation of methodism, but which had since been entirely re-modelled and purified; and particularly that the rhymes now sung at the chapel of the great *doctor* Clarke† in the City-road were

* Page 231 of the present volume.

† Librarian to the methodist establishment called the Surry Institution, and at present a leading man among the methodists. See the twelfth Number of the Satirist, page 136 of the present volume. Since the publication of that article, I have heard it condemned on the score of "the acknowledged *piety*, and *learning* of *doctor* Clarke." I do not know much of his private character, and therefore it may be possible that his piety is not confined to his rigid observance of the Mosaical precepts concerning diet. No Jew, it is said, is stricter in an abstinence from the prohibited articles. As to his learning, he has published a compilation called a Bibliographical Dictionary, and of course may be supposed to have that sort of acquaintance with books which is requisite for such a purpose. With regard to his

quite another sort of thing. I persevered however in my exertions; but after a long walk from the Wheelwright's *shop* in St. George's Fields,* to the much more lucrative *concern* of Rowland Hill, and thence to "the mad mansions of Moorfields" (the Holy Land of our times), I could not procure the publication which you cite: so I dropped into Lackington's where asking for the latest edition of methodist hymns, that I might at least have the satisfaction of seeing *methodism as it is*, I was supplied with a volume of a pocket-size, bearing the following title: "A Collection of Hymns, for the Use of the People called Methodists. By the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. Late Fellow of Lincoln-College, Oxford. The twentieth Edition. London: printed at *the Conference-Office*†.

style of composition, I have seen *and heard* some specimens which to me are quite conclusive on that point. For his critical talents, I cannot do better than refer your readers to the *last two pages* of an article by him in the number of the Eclectic Review published at the commencement of the present year (vol. 4. pages 52 to 59 of that review). I do not speak particularly of the literary style of this, for that may have been much indebted to the revising hand of an editor; but if a more preposterous example of misplaced fanatical extravagance can be mentioned, I will never entertain another disrespectful thought of *doctor* Clarke or his *connection*:—*erit mihi magnus Apollo*. The *doctor* has lived some time in the East, and it seems that he plumes himself on his acquisitions in the language of those countries; at least his partisans talk a good deal about this, and hug themselves in the conceit of not following an *ignorant* leader. But will he compare himself with that giant in Oriental learning, Mr. Halhed? who also, as a member of Parliament, was perhaps *nearly equal* to him in respectability; yet did this gentleman harangue Mr. Pitt for three hours in the house of Commons, in serious and solemn support of the *divine mission* of Richard Brothers; who in his holdings-forth and his pamphlets used familiarly to call the Almighty *his uncle*, and repeatedly foretold the destruction of London; a catastrophe which I suppose has been deferred solely on account of the *nephew's* residence here, he having now been for several years a very peaceful inhabitant of his apartments near *doctor* Clarke's chapel—*in Bedlam*.

* The building which the Surry magistrates still permit to disgrace their county and insult the whole metropolis by the inscription on the front of it; "The House of God!"

† The most striking feature in the character of the Wesleyan methodists, as they are called, and what alone (if any thing will) can render them truly formidable, is that *esprit de corps* so strongly prevalent among them. Much may be learnt on this subject from Mr. Nightingale's book (Portraiture of Methodism), but his tone is not sufficiently decisive. Some instances are mentioned in my letter on the Surry Institution; to which I now add, that among their other *Institutions* is that of a large printing-office, which is the property of the *connection*, and is managed by an agent. The advantages arising from this business, I suppose, go to a *fund*; perhaps the same as those of their Review (the Eclectic), which professes to "devote whatever profits may accrue from its publication, to the assistance of a

North-Green, Finsbury Square: G. Story, Agent. Sold by R. Lomas, at the *New-Chapel, City Road.* 1808." Thus I was fortunate in one respect, for this is the very *doctor Clarke's chapel* that I was referred to; and as the date is of the present year, I should examine the rhymes in their last degree of refinement. I did examine them; and I can most truly express the sentiments of Wesley himself in the Preface, "that I am persuaded no such Hymn Book as this has yet been published in the English language." I found, sir, in this purified, refined edition, *all the passages which you have quoted, and the two which you did not quote.* The latter will amply repay the trouble of any who can consult them with mere feelings of curiosity. It may perhaps be of some use to those who take the pains to inspect the Collection, if I add a note adapting your references to the edition I have mentioned, which is that now on sale. This I shall do by transcribing your notes, and inserting the necessay alterations within parentheses.*

Give me leave to shew you, by another extract from John Wesley's Preface, what, "as but a small part of these Hymns was of his own composing, he did not think it inconsistent with *modesty* to declare." After two paragraphs about the *merit* of his book in other respects, he

philanthropic institution." There is no knowing the exact meaning of terms: the gentlemen in question may have formed a *very philanthropic institution* to take care of themselves. When Breslaw the conjuror was at his last shift in one of his excursions, he persuaded the churchwardens and overseers of Hythe to light up a room and give out hand-bills, for an exhibition for the benefit of the *poor of the parish*; but afterward refused to surrender the admittance-money, affirming that the *poorest people in the parish* were *himself and his companions.* "Come, come, Mr. Breslaw," said they, "this is a trick." —"Aye," replied he with an oath, "I live by my tricks."

* The Love Feast, Part the First, Hymn 505 (519), st. 1. p. 481 (483).—Hymn 26 (27), st. 6, p. 33 (32).—Hymn 408 (415), st. 4 and 5, p. 394.—Hymn 147 (153), st. 1. p. 150.—Hymn 133 (137), st. 6 (12), p. 136 (135).—Hymn 504 (518) st. 3 (5), p. 480 (482)—Hymn 497 (511), st. 3. p. 476 (477).—Hymn 504 (518), st. 4 (7, 8), p. 481 (482).—*Hymn* 166 (193), *st.* 2 *and* 3, *p.* 180.—Hymn 68 (70), st. 2, p. 79.—*Hymn* 186, *st.* 5, *p.* 190, (I apprehend, Hymn 194, st. 5, p. 191.)—Hymn 401 (413), st. 3, p. 393.—Hymn 89 (92), st. 4. p. 91, (92.)—Hymn 139, st. 1, 5, and 6, p. 138, (Hymn 140, st. 1, 5, and Hymn 141, st. 1, p. 137, 138.)—Hymn 191 (199), st. 1, p 195.—Hymn 263 (271), st. 4, p. 259 (258).—Hyn 9, st. 9 and 10, p. 16.

says: "May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *Poetry?* Then I will speak to those who are *judges* thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is *no doggerel: no botches;* nothing put in to *patch up* the rhyme; *no feeble expletives.* 2. Here is *nothing turgid or bombast*, on the one hand, or *low and creeping* on the other. 3. Here are NO CANT EXPRESSIONS; *no words without meaning.* Those who impute this to us, know not what they say. WE TALK COMMON SENSE, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixt and determinate sense. 4. Here are, (allow me to say,) both, *the purity, the strength*, and *the elegance of the English language:* and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire *men of taste* to judge, (these are the only competent judges) whether there be not in some of the following hymns, the *true spirit of poetry.* By *labour* a man may become a tolerable imitator of *Spenser*, *Shakespeare*, or *Milton* and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-ey'd meek-ey'd*, and the like, but unless he be *born a poet*" (meaning of course that himself and his brother, the sole authors of these precious productions, were each of them in this predicament), "he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry."

So much for the nonsense delivered by the methodist parsons to their staring listeners on *such* subjects. I have no doubt however that John told them *all he knew* about the matter. I do not know whether it would be worth while to go through these hymns with a view of selecting their excellences under the five heads before-specified: perhaps I may consider of this, and offer to your notice an article of that description at another time.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

Great Surry-street. ANTI-METHODIST.

MASQUERADE.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE spirit of curiosity, which has been all-powerful ever since the *first Masquerader* put on his domino of serpent's skin, induced me a few evenings since to join the motley crowd, though not unknowing, yet unknown; unwilling to be teased with the worn out cant of "do you know me," I placed myself *perdue* in a corner, in order to view the ever changing scene in listless ease.

In such a situation, it is not surprizing that the trite observation of life being but a masquerade should have presented itself to my fancy; the thought is by no means a new one, yet the parallel does not hold good throughout, for between the masquerade of *real life*, and the masquerade of the evening, there is one striking difference. In the latter, the characters from want of judgment in the selection, seldom sit naturally; but in the former, the *character in masque*, though not the *masqued character*, is in general the natural one, and shews itself through all the disguise of the pedant's gown, or the courtier's dress.

The parson, who, after following the hounds six days in the week, puts on his surplice on Sunday, is but a huntsman in disguise; or the more *learned Divine*, whose public writings breathe nothing but liberty and independence, and whose private letters shew him capable of the most abject and servile flattery, even for the value of a *caudle cup*,* is merely performing *his* part in the universal mummery. The buxom dame of quality, who, forgetful of her high rank, opens her doors to the host of Pharaoh, and pays her *debts of honour* by the prostitution of her person, must surely be in masquerade; and the bouncing *deminude* who talks loud, and stares the men out of countenance, *must* be, as the Hibernian observes,

* Vide certain Letters which are *below Par!*

her brother in disguise; whilst the Jemmy man-milliner requires nothing but the straw hat and velvet pelisse to *unmask him*, and shew him in his real character.

Some wise heads have shewn much learning in ascertaining the derivation of the term *masquerade;* they even have had recourse to the learned Bochart, to prove its origin from *maskos*, in the Arabic a beast's skin, the common disguise of the ancient masqueraders; this does not apply, however, to the present day, for here the *beast's skin* is under the disguise, not over it. Others, not content with its derivation, have attempted to investigate its antiquity, and have been *devilish* lucky in that research, as they have traced it *up*, or rather *down* to his infernal majesty himself; and he too, like many masqueraders of the present day, put on his disguise to deceive the fair.

To trace it from this *first* performer, through all its different stages, whether in the cart of Thespis, or in the Roman amphitheatre, down to its revival at the Venetian carnival, might appear pedantic, yet if any thing can be said in its favour, it must be in considering it as a part of the amusements in that annual jubilee. In escaping for a few days from that suspicious system of *Espionage* which pervaded their whole form of government, a kind of *Saturnalia* took place of cold distrust and formal intercourse; mirth, fun, and frolic were the inspiring deities of the scene, and half the fools of Europe, aye! and many of its wise folks too, rushed into this motley groupe of freedom and extravagance.

In Spain too, as well as Italy, where the habitual and indeed proverbial jealousy of the men, seclude the fair sweeteners of human life from all lively amusements, and from those charms of *unrestrained intercourse in elegant society*, which *our* fair ones enjoy, 'tis not strange that the masquerade, with its free and easy costume, should be preferred to matins and vespers, under the care of the aged Duenna,

or to the confessional chair of the *pious father*; though even in the latter case, the fair sinners were encouraged *to talk* for the good of their souls; but in this happy country, where a lady may *do* as she pleases, and *say* what she pleases, so long as she can persuade her friends that it is *the fashion*, 'tis little to be wondered at that it has always been received with a degree of coldness, and been principally adopted as a temporary lounge at the end of a winter, when other amusements have lost their novelty. Yet amidst all our national reserve, this might be made a pleasing, and in some measure, a rational source of amusement, if more attention was paid to propriety of character. The watchman, whose whole stock of wit consists in crying "Past twelve o'clock," would be more characteristically employed if asleep in his box; and the tar, whose whole stock of seamanship is in his trowsers, might be more at home in a jockey cap and boots; whilst half the usual crowd of flower girls and haymakers, with their attendant *Rakes*, might be dispensed with. But at present the consideration is not, what character each mask can best support, but seems generally to terminate merely in a selection of character, as opposite as possible to the real one of the wearer; to ascertain this fact, it is only necessary to accost the first jolly farmer you meet at a masquerade, or *to confess a bevy of nuns!*

A little attention, however, in a few people of taste, might soon produce a considerable improvement in the *Plot* of this amusement; the strict adaptation of dialogue to character, would produce throughout a pleasing equivoque, yet still far removed from loose ribaldry, or the eternal and monotonous squeak of "Do you know me?" —and even among those with whom, to display an elegance of form, or a superior taste in the arrangement of ornament, is the principal motive in dressing for a masquerade, much remains yet to be done in the classic propriety of their costume, and in the harmonious groupery, or the contrasted selection of their characters. With an elegant attention to this, even a masquerade might be a pleasing relaxation to the woman of taste, and the man of observation; without it, 'twill be as an honest country 'squire said in the last century, a wardrobe of Gothic kings moved by hobgoblins! Indulging in these reflec-

tions, I fell into a kind of mental stupor, a species of fools' paradise, in which we often see the things that are not, when suddenly methought the room was in total darkness; this, however, I soon perceived merely proceeded from the intrusion *of a Shade*, a tall, slim form, who had assumed the character of a *Bug-a-boo*, to frighten the children. In one hand he held a dagger, in the other, what I at first supposed to be a bowl of poison, but which afterwards appeared to be only a bason of milk and water: mustering up all my courage,-I boldly cried *Boh!* when pulling his *Monk's cowl* on one side, he hiccup'd "Don't you know me?"

My attention was next turned to a *dancing dog* who was capering away on a *chess-board*; in a short time he tumbled off, barked at every one that came near, when suddenly he took to such *strange ways*, that an elegant female calling "Petit, Petit," he assumed the character of a *Lap Dog*.

The next figure was a stout portly lady, dressed as a female auctioneer; in her right-hand she held an *Opera glass*, and in her left another glass; instead of a watch, dangling below her girdle, was a *micrometer*, and I thought she had a pair of Adams's largest globes in her bosom, but putting my hand on them, she asked me if I thought to find out the longitude, when I recognized my old friend the young widow. Next came a fierce-looking Colonel, with a *seven-barrelled gun* on his shoulder, each with its separate charge, he went through his manœuvres so awkwardly, that every body expected they would *go off*. I was at first a little alarmed myself, when a figure in a lawyer's gown and wig, told me not to be frightened, as they were merely loaded with blank cartridges, and that I could only be singed a little by the *paper wadding*.

A smart little lady followed the Colonel, dressed out as a Turkish Sultana, accompanied by her *favourite*. One was reading in the ARMY LIST, and the other Glasse's Cookery, but there was something *so discordant* in this reading Duett, that the audience burst into a loud laugh, when I awoke, and found myself on a sopha, surrounded by a bevy of flower girls, whose loud laughs in quizzing the sleeper, had aroused me from my dream.

Such, Mr. Meteor, was my first excursion in the haunts of pleasure, for the season, in the course of which you shall hear again from your old friend,

CROP THE CONJUROR.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Mother: a Poem, in five books. By Mrs. West, Author of "Letters to a young Man," &c. 242 pages; price seven shillings. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row, London: 1809. 12mo.

Mrs. West's three former works [viz. "Letters to a young Man," 3 vols; "Letters to a young Lady," 3 vols; and "The Advantages of Education," 2 vols;] justly entitle her to the reputation she enjoys. They exhibit in a very respectable manner, much propriety of thought, great tenderness of sentiment, rigid purity of morals, devout and sound principles of religion; and each of those pleasing treatises are calculated, in a limited degree, to promote glory to God and good will towards men. We hesitate not to place her—to use a familiar Cambridge term—*in the first bracket*, among the Hamiltons, the Mores, the Trimmers, &c. &c. &c. the most illustrious female *wranglers* of our day. We speak the conviction of soberness and sincerity; and the lady may rest assured, that neither have we lightly formed our opinion of her merit as a sensible prose writer, nor shall we in the sportive spirit of wantonness, attempt to ridicule her humbler effort, now before us, to improve her partial readers, by a didactic poem in tolerable blank verse. Yet, alas! Horace has already, full pitiously, informed us, that

"—mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ;—

and our fair author, herself, admits the truth of his mortifying remark, in a pretty *introductory sonnet;* preaching patience, resignation, and contentment under literary neglect, and expressing faint hopes of popularity at some indefinite time or other. We shall, now, briefly analyze the poem.

Book I. opens with a spirited invocation to dame Nature; and then tells young maidens, in solemn phrascology,—

> "If you wish to marry, mind the golden rule;
> "*Look before you leap*: or else you play the fool."

It next controverts the Anna, Matilda, Carolina, Wilhelmina notion, that "rakes prove the best husbands;" admits the impossibility of perfection upon earth, and declaims against *an hereditary lues.* It narrates the birth, *speech,* and death of a child; and then, p. 24, pathetically paraphrases Seneca's well known sentence, "Est aliquis et dolendi decor: hic sapienti servandus est: et, quemadmodum in cæteris rebus, ita et in lacrymis aliquid sat est." It proceeds to lecture wealthy parents, to recommend generosity and fortitude, and to descant on the state of Britain; and it concludes with a summary of modern politics.

Book II. warns parents against unjust partialities, and observes sagely that petted children are commonly spoiled: examples, in proof and in contrast, are given. Religious nurture is strongly inculcated. Precocity of intellect is deprecated, and diffidence is extolled. Samuel and David are properly introduced. Politics close this book also.

Book III. recommends boys' schools for young gentlemen, and lauds public education: anecdote is quoted from Xenophon. Domestic tuition is preferred for young ladies. Tawdry acquirements by the children of inferior rank are reprobated; instances good and bad are intro-

duced. The meretricious accomplishments of patrician misses are censured; and Lady Jane Grey, Lady Mary Sidney, and the second Queen Mary are cited in contrast.

Book IV. depicts a large family re-united *after* education has ceased. An essay on the changes of manners and civilization succeeds: younger sons must shift for themselves. The parent decides his son's profession. The delusions of memory and imagination are noticed. A mother's feelings are admirably expressed. The comforts of daughters are stated; the anxious time of their courtship is pointed out, and the sweets of a happy union are unfolded. The book concludes with suitable pious reflections.

Book V. rises far above the rest in imagery, and is more desultory in the choice of subjects: fancy is invoked, and not in vain. MATERNAL SORROWS,—the running title of the book,—are, in general, very successfully depicted in a variety of affecting particulars. Britain is apostrophized; christianity is warmly praised; and the future beatified state of the mother of a virtuous family is, thus ingeniously, made to close the poem.

"The faithful guardian watches; and, perchance,
Obtains permission oft to ward the bolt
Of threaten'd evil, or in gentle dreams
To whisper admonition or reproof;
And, when they struggle through death's vale, to stand
A beckoning *angel* on the shores of bliss,
Cheering its fainting progeny with strains
Most rapturous, the sound of harps divine,
Chanting the wonderous change from dying pangs
To immortality, to heaven, and God.
Happy THE MOTHER, happier than the bound
Of human thought can fathom, who, when Death
Resigns his empire, from the grave shall rise,

With all her race beatified, and soar
Joyful to meet her Judge. Then, with deep awe,
Profound humility, and trust divine
In his unbounding mercy, trembling speak,
The words he uttered, "Lord, of those thou gav'st
"To thy weak handmaid to instruct in truth,
"And guide to glory, I have lost not one;*
"On earth we were thy servants, and now come,
"In thine own realm to serve thee evermore."

We will not harshly assert of Mrs. West, that

"—in horâ sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno;"

for the posture appears somewhat indecorous, and, indeed, totally irrelevant: but, we trust, we may be permitted to whisper in her ear, that lines of ten syllables do not, exactly, constitute the whole secret of what scholars have ever been carefully taught to regard as true poetry. Either, therefore, the good lady has mistaken this trifling particular, or (which we are inclined seriously to regret) she has sadly misapplied her valuable time and talents. Let her not mistrust our friendly hint. *To innovate is not, always to improve.* As a letter writer, she may still be esteemed highly; as a poetaster, she cannot fail to surpass the Southeys of her age: but, as a moral essayist, she has it undoubtedly in her power to excel *even herself.* For the mere sake of consistency, we could almost wish to see THE MOTHER reach a second edition *in prose.* Great would be the improvement, and the result would amply repay the trouble; at present, an undescribable monotony reigns throughout the treatise, and although we *know* we are reviewing a *poem*, we cannot help *imagining* we are reading an *essay*, "ON THE MATERNAL CHARACTER, AND ITS IMPORTANT DUTIES."

* St. John, xvii. 11.

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. London. Cadell and Davies, 1809. p.p. 510.

Letters between two prelates, (for though Dr. Warburton only is mentioned, Dr. Hurd is by no means a sleeping partner in the correspondence), both of high estimation in the literary world, and, from their situation in life, both concerned in the political events of the day, cannot fail to excite strongly the attention and expectation of the reader. He will naturally expect to find interesting and instructive observations on literature, manners, and actions, replete with original thought, and delivered with that freedom of sentiment, which is likely to be found in the private correspondence of confidential friends. But this expectation will be entirely disappointed, on the perusal of the work before us. Little will be found in it, except the grossest flattery of each other, enlivened occasionally with the acidity of censure, on those who happen to dissent from any of the tenets of the Warburtonian school.

Of the partiality of Warburton to that most absurd of all absurd works, his edition of Shakespear, he gives an early specimen; for, in his sixth letter, dated Sept. 28, 1749, we find this *candid* and *modest* passage:

"I had no sooner evoked the name of Shakespear, from the rotten monument of his former editions, than a crew of strange devils, and more grotesque than any of those he laughs at in the old farces, came chattering, mewing, and grinning, round about me. The Oxford man you mention, who *writ* something about Shakespear, and would write about Johnson, is a *pert dunce*, the most troublesome sort of vermin in all Parnassus."

That a bishop, who was a polemical writer, and undertook as his principal work, to write remarks on the Divine Legation of Moses, should not think it worth the trouble

to learn the Hebrew language, would hardly be credited, did it not stare us in the face in every passage of that strange book. Perhaps some of his readers may think the following extract from the twenty-fifth letter, intended as an apology for this neglect: to us it rather appears, like the observations of Cobbet on the Classics, an attempt to depreciate a species of literature of which he was ignorant.

"You will see of what party I am with regard to the authentic text, being persuaded, that had it not been for the Septuagint, the Hebrew Bible would have been as unintelligible as any cypher is without its key, by which nothing could be learned, or rather since the invention of the Hebrew points, a compleat nose of wax, to be turned any way, and made say every thing, which partly arises from the beggarly scantiness of the language, partly, because no more remains of the tongue than is contained in one *single* book of no great bigness; but principally from there having been no vowel-points affixed till many ages after it was become a dead language."

Without adverting to the gross inaccuracy and inelegance of the whole passage, and the *correct* figure of a nose of wax speaking, it breathes that arrogant absurdity which generally accompanies the observations of those who presume to deliver their opinion on a subject which they do not understand.

The idea of making what is called the grand tour, for the purpose of a young gentleman's improving himself "in men and manners," is ridiculed with some humour, in the proposal of substituting a tour round St. James's Park for it.

"Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for *pastoral* than the cows and the milk-women at the entrance from Spring Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for Comedy and Farce from one

end of the *Mall* to the other. As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at *Rosamond's Pond*, long consecrated to disastrous love and *elegiac* poetry. The *Bird-cage-walk*, which you next enter, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of Madrigal and Sonnet. When we come to *Duck Island*, we have a double chance of success in the Georgic or Didactic poetry. But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place, indeed, the seed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of horse and foot guards, the *Parade*. The place of heroes and demi-gods, the eternal source of the greater poetry, from whence springs that *acme* of human things, an Epic Poem."

The following description of the earthquake at Lisbon (letter 87), by the captain of a vessel, and the bishop's reflections on it, are so curious, that we shall lay them before our readers:

"He lay off Lisbon, on this fatal 1st of November, preparing to hoist sail for England. He looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock, that promised a poet's eternity, at least to its grandeur. He looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder; a sight more awful, mortal eyes could not behold on this side the day of doom. And yet does not human pride make us miscalculate? A drunken beggar shall work as horrid a desolation with a kick of his foot against an ant-hill, as subterraneous air and fermented minerals to a populous city."

The pious bishop then proceeds with a comparison between men and ants, very much to the disadvantage of the former. Besides the extreme excess to which the pathos is carried in this passage, could we suppose a Christian divine capable of producing a similitude between a drunken beggar overturning an ant-hill, and a dreadful event, which he almost compares to that awful day, when the Almighty himself shall give the signal for universal

destruction, or setting man, endowed with an immortal soul, below a pismire? This can be only compared with the effusions of the profane Darwin, who reduces our trust in the hope of a glorious resurrection, to the production of maggots and earth-worms in a corrupted carcase.*

After this, the reader will not be surprised to find the bishop's friend, Dr. Hurd (Letter 150), entertaining his patron with an eulogium on Rousseau, and especially on that very exceptionable work the *New Heloise.*

Letter 153 from Dr. Hurd, contains a compleat confutation of what it is lately become the fashion to try to establish, the authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian. To this the bishop bears testimony in his answer:

"I have been extremely entertained with the wars of Fingal. It can be no cheat, for I think the enthusiasm of this *specifical* sublime could hardly be counterfeit. A modern writer would have been less simple and uniform. Thus far had I written, when your letter of Christmas-day came to hand, as you will easily understand by my taking shame upon me, and assuring you, that I am fully convinced of my false opinion, delivered just above, concerning Fingal. I did not consider the matter as I ought: your reasons for the forgery are unanswerable."

The violent censure the bishop bestows on Johnson's Shakespear, in a note on Letter 175, and his malignant attack on Lowth, in Letter 176, shew the true spirit of the man, which could never forgive any person who would oppose any one of his opinions. Johnson was as much Warburton's superior in critical sagacity, as Lowth was in learning, in taste, in piety; in a word, in every quality that ought to form the character of a Christian bishop.

The following extract from Letter 191, we give, as it

* See Temple of Nature.

shews the bishop's high opinion of his own consequence, and the *confidential* and *interesting* conversation, with which his Majesty honoured him.

"A buffoon lord in waiting (you may guess whom I mean), was very busy marshaling the circle, and he said to me, without ceremony, 'Move forward; you clog up the door-way.' I said, with as little, 'Did nobody clog up the King's *door-stead* more than I, there would be room for all honest men.' This brought the man to himself. When the king came up to me, he asked, 'Why I did not come to town before.' I said, 'I understood there was no business going forward in the House, in which I could be of any service to his Majesty.' He replied, 'He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up.' I replied, 'I was under cover of a very warm house.'"

That the language of these letters is far from elegant, will appear from the extracts we have made. How any man of learning could have translated the *curiosa felicitas* applied to Homer by Petronius, *curious* felicity, is astonishing (Letter 3), *careful* and not *curious* is the obvious sense of *curious*. It can be only equalled by Smollet, who, in his Don Quixot, has translated *Il curioso impertinente*, the *curious impertinent*.

From the following passage, Letter 10, where Dr. Warburton is so careful to preserve what it is now the fashion to call the subjunctive mood; but which seems to us rather the obsolete indicative, we thought he could at least have been accurate in his grammar:

"But this has put it into my head to ask, whether you *be* a Whitehall preacher; if not, whether any of your college *be*? and of two of the same college *be* ever appointed?"

Notwithstanding the pedantic display of grammatical accuracy, we perpetually find *writ* for *wrote*, and *wrote* for *written*; and, in one instance, this vile phrase:

'We are *extreme* glad to hear you have got home well.'"

The following hitherto unpublished lines of Pope, we lay before our readers as a literary curiosity:

"On Dr. Bolton's having written and published a paper to the Memory of Mrs. Butler, of Sussex, Mother to old Lady Blount, of Twickenham"

They are supposed to be spoken by the deceased Lady, to the Author of that paper which drew her character.

"Stript to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind controul?
Can gratitude out-paut the silent breath,
Or a friend's sorrows pierce the gloom of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss,
That feels the worth it left in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame,
Then dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim."

Dr. Warburton prefaces this elegant effusion of his friend's Muse by the following candid criticism:

"*Stript to the naked soul,* is so foreign to the pathetic, that seeing those words alone, one would imagine my *charming* friend was going to give us an account of *Vulture Hopkins,* or *Peter Walter* just stept into the world, and desperately surprised at their new condition, to find themselves become bankrupts, and *strip'd of all*; for their soul went for nothing."

Our regard for truth compels us to conclude by remarking, that neither the literary nor the moral character of the bishop would have suffered, if his friend, Dr. Hurd,

had committed the letters to the flames, instead of leaving them for publication.

An address to the Public, upon the dangerous Tendency of the London Female Penitentiary; with Hints relative to the best Means of lessening the Sum of Prostitution. By William Nale, 8vo. 1*s*. Williams and Smith, London. 1809.

It is very certain, that an institution of the kind here alluded to, is likely, if not planned with great care, and conducted with great caution, to do much harm, and to increase the mass of vice, instead of reducing it. The London Female Penitentiary is obviously of this class; it is set on foot by that class of persons, who affect a mighty zeal for religion and purity, while they introduce nothing into society under their mask, but superstition and corruption. These sectarians have not sense nor foresight enough to perceive the consequences involved in their crude and ill-judged schemes of reform; they are calculated to take away from vice that punishment which is its best means of prevention, and by so doing, to hold out an encouragement to profligacy, and an indemnity to crimes.

The present pamphlet has drawn forth many replies from the advocates of the institution, but without entering at large into controversy, we shall detail the chief grounds of objection, as brought forward by Mr. Nale. It must be conscientious opposition to the institution on his part, as he is himself a member of the sect which sets it on foot. He seems, however, to be wavering in his attachment to it; and he seems to have paved the way, by his present hostility, to a separation, either on their part, or his own.

"Throughout the word of God," says he "punishments were always threatened to those who broke the laws, in proportion to the nature of the crime; and the end or design of it was

not stated to be revenge, but example;—therefore, if any government proceeds upon the *principle* of declaring to the public, that those who commit certain crimes shall go unpunished, and be kindly treated as though they were guilty of no offence,—*that* government in its public capacity is answerable for the corruption of morals, occasioned by the fatal example of this violation of their duty. The same reasoning will apply, with equal or more force to the London Female Penitentiary:—that asylum has thrown wide open its doors, so that the most abandoned prostitutes *know* they can go in for once, by forging a lie, where they will be kindly received, be treated with every mark of attention, and the promise, if they behave well, of being placed in 'respectable situations in society,' with future pecuniary rewards, and all this *without the least punishment for their enormous crimes.*

"If this principle can possibly be justified, what has the society for the *suppression of vice* been after? Why did *they* not build an asylum, and proclaim aloud that it was for those, who had long been in the detestable practice of privately selling obscene prints in the schools for children? They had no better prospects of procuring a lawful maintenance than the others;—the moral turpitude of their crimes was not greater, nor more injurious to society than common prostitutes; why were *they* not promised, if they would come in, that they should be treated with every mark of attention, and be placed afterwards 'in respectable situations of life,'—with the promise of future pecuniary rewards."

These observations are certainly judicious, and deserve to be well weighed by persons, who either establish, or promote the establishment of institutions of this sort. Whatever has the least tendency in its operation to encourage licentiousness, ought not to be rashly introduced amongst us; and too many of this sort of establishment set on foot with enthusiasm, sink after a while into mere nuisancies of debauchery, and receptacles for prostitutes turned methodists.

We extract the following illustration given to a very important passage in the New Testament, by a most learn-

ed and able expositor, because it is generally, we believe, very much misunderstood, and its genuine and just interpretation is not known so extensively as it ought to be.

"There is one circumstance in the New Testament, that the advocates of the Female Penitentiary bring forward as a case in point, and which they think will alone justify the plan of the institution. The circumstance referred to is, that of the woman taken in adultery, and carried before our Lord; as this occurrence has been so repeatedly quoted to defend the asylum, it becomes the more necessary to examine this whole passage of scripture, and endeavour to investigate what are the just conclusions that we are warranted to draw from it."

"The Scribes and Pharisees, (who had been so miserably disappointed the day before,) now proposed a case to our Lord, the decision of which they thought would bring him into disgrace with the people, or embroil him with the government.—They *brought unto him a woman taken in adultery,* and *when they had set her in the midst* of the company to be seen by all the people, *They say unto him,* with the greatest apparent respect, *Master, this woman was taken in adultery,* in *the very act,* by two persons at least, who could be witnesses of the crime, otherwise the accusation could not be legally supported (See Deut. xix. 15.) *Now, Moses, in the law, commanded us, that such should be stoned.* (See Deut. xxii. v. 23, 24.)—*but what sayest thou?* should we execute the Mosaic law or not. *This they said tempting him, that they might have to accuse him.* For on the one hand, if he should command the law to be put in force, they would then accuse him to the Roman government as assuming judicial authority, and pronouncing sentence of death; and on the other, if he acquitted her, or refused to confirm the sentence the law had pronounced, they would then impeach him as an enemy to the divine institutions, and a violator of the law of God.—*But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not.*"

"It seems evident, that they now thought he was perplexed and knew not what to say. *So when they continued asking him,* hoping they should gain an advantage over him. *He lifted up himself, and said unto them,* with that wisdom and majesty that con-

founded his enemies, *He that is without sin let him cast the first stone at her.* Our Lord well knew how greatly this sin had prevailed, and very likely, that not one of those Scribes and Pharisees were free from it; and therefore proposes, that he who was without such a sin, should be the first to put the law in execution. *And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground,* perhaps, as some, think in very legible characters, the sins of the woman's accusers. *And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience,* and fearing lest their own sins should be brought to light by their utter confusion, *went out, one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last; and Jesus was left alone,* that is, by those who came to ensnare him, *and the woman standing in the midst* of the surrounding multitude, who were to come to hear his doctrine. *When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman,* and that they had all departed who brought her, *He said unto her, woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, no man, Lord.* And Jesus said unto her, neither do *I condemn thee, go and sin no more.* The law required, that by the mouth of her witnesses she was to be judged worthy of death; but when our Lord lifted himself, and enquired after them, there was not one to be found to substantiate the fact, they were all fled, and therefore Jesus could not condemn agreeably to the divine command. Thus he testified his entire approbation of the law, and yet avoided assuming any judicial authority with which they wanted to accuse him to the Roman government."

It is manifest that when the Saviour in this passage says, *neither do I condemn thee,* he alludes to a *judicial* not a *moral* condemnation? For that he held the act charged to be most sinful, is implied by the admonition with which he dismissed the penitent offender, 'Go and sin no more.'

The style of the pamphlet before us is loose and inaccurate; but the observations contained in it are sensible and well-timed.

Memoirs of William Paley, D.D. By G. W. Meadley. *To which is added an Appendix.* (One vol. 8vo. *Memoirs, containing p.p.* 216, *and Appendix, p.p.* 168.) 9*s.* Graham, Sunderland; and Cradock and Joy. London. 1809.

We are at length enabled to steal a momentary interval from an arduous, though not inglorious duty, and to indulge for a while in pursuits more congenial to our feelings, and scarcely less useful to the general interests of morality and literature. After having devoted so considerable a portion of our time to the punishment of a host of literary criminals, whose abilities are as mean as their principles are depraved, and whose noblest motives for exertion, are the gratification of their private malice, and the promotion of their private interest, it is both instructive and gratifying to turn to the contemplation of a man, whose zeal for the happiness of his fellow-creatures, was only equalled by his ability to enlighten and improve them. To contemplate the character of Dr. Paley without a mingled sentiment of love and veneration, is impossible. He was learned without pedantry, and religious without intolerance; a firm supporter of the political institutions of his country, without the violence of faction, and one of the most strenuous defenders of our ecclesiastical establishment, without any superstitious belief of the hereditary succession of bishops. Among his friends, the gravity of the scholar and the divine, was tempered by the social cheerfulness of the convivial companion. As an author, he never suffered the ambition of literary fame, to divert him from the original object of all his exertions—the glory of his Creator, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures. He never sacrificed truth to antithesis, nor diverted the mind from attention to the subject of inquiry, by the ambitious intrusion of a pointed and superfluous sentence. It is true, that he was apt to detail the cavils

of the unbeliever, and the objections of the democrat, in a manner which may, at first sight, appear too ostentatious and rhetorical; but it will be found, upon enquiry, that however pointed and striking such parts of his writings may be, every sentence is logically accurate, that nothing is sacrificed to the opposition of words, nor the modulation of syllables.

He justly observes, that such passages were necessary to rouse the languid attention of his pupils, as well as to make a more durable impression upon their memory; and the ease with which objections, apparently so formidable, are afterwards refuted, is well calculated to impress a juvenile imagination with a just confidence in the immutability of Mr. Paley's religious and political principles.

Of such a man, the casual indiscretions, and momentary errors, will be readily forgiven. The great principles of our constitution he has supported with equal energy and learning; and if, on mere subordinate points, he may have suffered his philanthropy to mislead his judgment, such mistakes are too trivial to justify any asperity of correction, and too well counteracted by the general tendency of his writings, to be productive of any dangerous consequence.

The reader, who expects to derive much additional knowledge of Dr. Paley's character, or any general information respecting contemporary writers, and their productions, from the present volumes, will meet with considerable disappointment. It was already known, that Dr. Paley was fond of angling, that he was pleasing and cheerful in conversation, and that he was rather corpulent. The few literary friends, who are casually introduced into this biography, are now only remembered in the recesses of their respective colleges; and the circumstances which Mr. Meadley has related concerning them, are not of such a nature as to interest us by their importance, or their no-

velty. He enters into no literary or philosophical discussion, and displays neither extensive learning, nor indefatigable research.

Yet the little that Mr. Meadley does say, he says well. His style is equally removed from affectation and inelegance. If it does not astonish, it always pleases. He seems to have a perfect knowledge of his own powers, and he has rather endeavoured to deserve the praises of good sense and perspicuity, than to shine as a profound scholar, or a splendid rhetorician. A writer with no other pretensions than these, though he cannot be mentioned among the Plutarchs or the Johnsons of his age, is yet entitled to considerable indulgence. Few men have either leisure to read great books, or patience for laborious researches. There are many to whom some information respecting Dr. Paley would be acceptable, who would be unwilling to purchase a quarto of literary history, or private correspondence. The present work is written with an impartiality, which presents a pleasing contrast to the fulsome compilations of such biographers as Hayley, and which could scarcely have been expected from the writer of the note at the bottom of page 138. The critical estimate of Paley's literary character, is executed with a laudable degree of correctness, and impartiality, and without displaying much knowledge of the more abstruse points of moral and political philosophy, is sufficiently accurate and perspicuous in the elucidation of its general principles.

The incidents, indeed, of Dr. Paley's life, are two few and trivial, to be in themselves either entertaining or instructive. His father was a minor canon of the cathedral of Peterborough, at which place he was himself born, in July 1743, and in 1758 was admitted a sizar of Christ's College, Cambridge. We are told by Mr. Meadley, that on his journey to Cambridge, the Doctor fell from his poney

seven times; that his falls were not serious, because he was not very heavy, and that his father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, "take care of thy money, lad!"

Such a story might have been very amusing and appropriate in the mouth of Dr. Paley himself, but the introduction of it, and others of a similar nature into serious narratives, is beneath the dignity of regular biography, and detracts considerably from the other merits of Mr. Meadley's performance.

Paley's progress at the University was not very different from that of the other students, equally able and industrious; like other reading men, he was rather careless of his dress, and was unsuccessfully *quizzed* by the *tormenti* of those days.

It does not appear that he read very assiduously, till within a year of the time at which he took his degree, when he attained the highest pinnacle of Cambridge ambition, by being declared senior wrangler of his year. This honour, of course, recommended him to a fellowship, to which he was elected on June 24, 1766, and on the December of the succeeding year, he was ordained a priest.

At this period of his life, he appears to have possessed neither the suavity of manners, nor humility of disposition, which afterwards rendered his society so attractive.

"Being called upon (says Mr. M.) by the University to read his dissertation publicly in the Senate-house, he went over from Greenwich, during the summer vacation of the academy there, and entering Cambridge alone in a post-chaise, with the windows down, he ordered the postilion to drive slowly along the streets."

It is no mean proof of superior merit, that this story, which would have been a standing joke among the Uni-

versity contemporaries of any other man, has been long forgotten amidst the eulogies of his personal friends, and the plaudits of his literary admirers. Even his eccentric and self-sufficient manner of reciting his essay in the Senate-house, and an unfortunate mistake in quantity in the pulpit of St. Mary's, do not seem to have depreciated his personal character, in the estimation of his friends, or to have left any extensive and durable impression, unfavourable to his literary reputation.

To detail every circumstance of his academical career, would only be to describe the usual routine of a collegian's progress, from his election to a fellowship, till his marriage, or his preferment. The life of a resident graduate is seldom disturbed by the vicisitudes of fortune, or by any miseries more momentous than the petty quarrels of the combination-room. The comparative pleasure, or unhappiness of this period of his life, must be determined by the character of his official colleagues, and his convivial associates. Mr. Meadley has, therefore, related a few particulars respecting Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bookhouse, and some other equally celebrated personages; but whether it be owing to the want of more ample information, or of skill in the selection of his anecdotes, the part of his work which contains these scantlings of biography, is neither amusing in itself, nor conducive to a more intimate acquaintance with the subject of his memoir.

On the 6th of June, 1776, the Dr. was married to Miss Hewitt, and, of course, vacated his fellowship. A short time before he had been presented to the rectory of Musgrove, in Westmoreland, worth about eighty pounds a year. From this period he was successively preferred to the vicarages of Dalston, Appleby, and to the archdeaconry and chancellorship of Carlisle. To this last office, he was appointed on the 20th of Nov. 1785.

In 1793, he resigned the vicarage of Dalston, on being

collated to that of Stanwix. Being afterwards asked by a clerical friend, why he quitted Dalston? he replied, "Why, Sir, I had two or three reasons for taking Stanwix in exchange; *first*, it saved me double house-keeping, as Stanwix was within twenty minutes' walk of my house in Carlisle; *secondly*, it was fifty pounds a year more in value; and *thirdly*, I began to find my stock of sermons coming over again too fast." The last of these reasons, is one which seldom troubles the minds of clergymen of the present day. Sermons, manufactured by booksellers' apprentices, and printed in imitation of MS. if they be not quite so edifying as the compositions of Tillotson or Sherlock, are less liable to expose the preacher to the charge of plagiarism, and are both cheaper, and more portable. On the 4th of August, 1794, he was promoted to the prebendary of St. Pancras, in the cathedral of St. Paul's. He soon afterwards attained the subdeaconry of Lincoln, on the presentation of the present bishop of that diocese, and finished his career of ecclesiastical preferment, by accepting, in the course of the same year, the rectory of Bishop Wearmouth. He was married, for the second time, Dec. 14, 1795, to a Miss Dobinson, of Carlisle, with whom he had been long acquainted, and who is still living.

The latter years of his life were passed in the conscientious discharge of his clerical duties, and in the moderate enjoyment of those calm, and rational pleasures, which became the dignity of his age, and the respectability of his station. Addicted to no species of intemperace, and undisturbed by any violent passion of the mind, he seems to have passed his days in the calm tranquillity of virtuous retirement, interrupted only by his exertions in the cause of benevolence, or by the necessary business of his office. His charities we know to have been more extensive than was suspected by his friends, or bore a just proportion to his income. He was as much the idol of his inferiors,

as the object of love and reverence to those who were more intimately acquainted with his literary talents, and his social virtues.

He had long been labouring under a complication of diseases, which would have paralyzed the exertions, and overpowered the fortitude of any man less fortified by religious conviction, and by the consciousness of having spent the latter years of his life in fulfilling his moral and religious duties. He departed this life on the 25th of May, 1805, and was buried at *Carlisle*. We have thus detailed the most important contents of the present publication; and have endeavoured to supply such traits of character, and such circumstances of his life, as Mr. Meadley had neglected. The Appendix consists only of a few detached papers, which are only curious, or interesting, as the productions of Dr. Paley, and of which, therefore, it would be foolish and unprofitable to present our readers with a minute analysis.

Memoirs of Frederick and Magaret Klopstock; translated from the German. Cadell and Davies. 12mo. 6*s*.

There are some phenomena in the history of literature, which are too apt to surprize the unexperienced reader into an unfounded scepticism, respecting the most inimitable principles of taste and criticism. To him who contrasts the "cold neglect, and helpless penury," which have so frequently paralyzed the exertions, and disappointed the hopes of real genius, with the indiscriminate applause, and the undeserved honors which have cheered the labours of the worthless and the ignorant, all those rules which have been laid down for the just estimation of literary merit, must, at first sight, appear uncertain, or chimerical. There are poems, which, without observing a single canon of regular criticism, or displaying the most

feeble glimmering of those qualities which were considered by the critics of former periods as absolutely necessary to poetical excellence, have been received by the readers of our own time with the most enthusiastic admiration, and their authors elevated to the same height of reputation with Homer and Milton. A cursory observer of the vicissitudes of literary reputation would, therefore, naturally conclude, that literary taste was merely synonimous with national caprices, and that the beauties of poetical composition were too indefinite to be determined by any invariable laws.

One of the most striking instances of the triumph of novelty, or prejudice, over every bulwark of regular criticism, may be found in the success of the poet, whose memoirs it is our present duty to review. In an English reader, uninitiated in the mysteries of German literature, the Messiah would appear to be an unconnected, and heterogeneous collection of all that is unintelligible in religion; tiresome in prose, and ridiculous in poetry. Eve and the Virgin Mary talk Calvinism; the angels lecture on metaphysics, and free-masonry; the saints express their gratitude and adoration in strains which would lose nothing of their clearness, or sublimity, by being translated into the language of Count Zinzendorf,* and the

* The following extracts from a book, entitled, "Hymns composed for the use of the Moravian Brethren, by the right reverend and most illustrious C. Z. (Count Zinzendorf.) Printed for James Hutton, Fetter-lane, London, 1769, will shew, that the compositions of John Wesley, are far from being unique in sentiment and language.

HYMN 42.

God's side-hole hear my prayer,
Accept my meditation;
On thee I rest my care,
With child-like adoration.
While days and ages pass, and endless periods roll,
An everlasting blaze shall sparkle from that hole!

poet himself entertains us with philosophical discussions, which have all the prolixity of Whiston's Theory of the Earth, without its learning, and all the mysteries of Sir Kenelm Digby's Dissertations on Sympathy, without their entertainment. An English writer, who should usher into the world such a poem as Klopstock's, must be considered as a prodigy of genius, by the frequenters of the Tabernacle; but the more natural part of the community would despise him as a fool, or shun him as a mad-man. That there are some beautiful passages in the Messiah, cannot be denied. It is impossible for the most sluggish imagination to be continually employed upon such a subject, without being sometimes elevated above its ordinary, powers, by the fervor of religious enthusiasm. But the loftiest flights of Klopstock, are rather the tip-toe flutterings of the ostrich, than the sustained and elevated soarings of the Mœonian eagle.

HYMN 57.

Lovely side-hole, dearest side-hole,
Sweetest side-hole made for me;
Oh! my most beloved side-hole,
I wish to be lost in thee.

O my dearest side-hole!
Thou art to my bridesoul
The most dear and loveliest place,
Pleasure's space!
Soul and body in thee pass.

HYMN 95.

The daughter's rev'rence do,
Christess, and praise thee too,
Thou happy *Kyria* daughter of *Abijah*.
Ve Ruach Elohah sister of Jehovah,
Manness of the man *Jeshuah*,
Out of the *pleura Hosannah*.

When the writer of these memoirs unwarily admits, (page 18,)

"That the success of the Messiah was as much owing to the sacredness of the subjects, as the beauty of the poetry;"

and when he tells us, on the authority of Sturm, (page 270,) that

"The Messiah appeared at a time, when unconscious of their own powers, or at least neglecting them, the Germans favored only foreign productions, and were not restrained from proceeding in that unworthy conduct, by the insolence with which our neighbours received such adulation,"

he enables us to account, in some measure, not only for the indiscriminate admiration paid by his countryman to the absurdities of Klopstock, but for every phenomenon of the same kind, without supposing that the principles of criticism are uncertain, or denying the immutability of taste. Religious fanaticism, and natural vanity, have a much stronger influence on the half-educated portion of mankind, than the critical authority of Aristotle and Longinus.

After expressing such sentiments as these, we shall be excused from entering into any extended detail of Klopstock's life and character. Were we certain that the eulogies bestowed upon him by his biographer were just, we should be extremely willing to grant that admiration to his private virtues which we cannot conscientiously profess for his poetical abilities. But we are afraid lest the partiality of his countrymen may have been as much misled with respect to his personal, as his literary character; and since we have no means of judging for ourselves with respect to the former, we are compelled to hesitate between the desire of paying a just tribute to departed merit, and the fear of becoming the unconscious instrument of deliberate falsehood, or wondering credulity.

Of any wilful intention to deceive, the present editor may be readily acquitted; but the frequent recurrence of such stories as the following will prove, that little reliance can be placed upon his judgment in the selection of his anecdotes.

"His introduction at the college is thus described by Mr. Cramer." 'His father now took him to the college, and the examination was arranged. The rector conducted him into an apartment, and gave him an exercise to write, leaving with him Weissman's Lexicon, and a grammar. It was to be completed in three hours, and then he was to ring the bell; but he rang before the appointed time. The rector appeared. Is it finished already said he, then cast his eye over it, and sent him to the play-ground, where the scholars assembled as usual, to welcome and to ridicule the new-comer. One of the older ones came to him with a scornful smile, and said K-l-o-p-Klop-stock, is that your name? upon which his uncommon name was immediately echoed and re-echoed and laught at. This enraged himand going up to the boy, with a menacing air, and stern look, he answered 'yes, my name is Klopstock,' and from this time he was never assailed with any raillery, particularly as the rector highly applauded his exercise, and immediately gave him the highest place in the third class."

The biographer, who can discover any thing interesting and extraordinary in this anecdote may easily extract wit from dulness, and mistake the flashes of absurdity, for the splendor of genius. It is the characteristic of partiality to magnify the most trivial actions of its hero into imaginary importance, and to convert those feelings and affections of the mind, which are common to the human race, into peculiar indications of individual virtue. Such errors are far from being palliated by their frequency, and will scarcely be corrected by the introduction of German biography.

The letters of Mrs. Klopstock to Richardson, are both entertaining and amusing, though much of their effect must be ascribed to the peculiarity of their idiom. The

remainder of the book is a tedious collection of unintelligible rhapsodies, and is only worthy of being read as a curious proof of the omnipotence of vanity in the perversion of human intellect, and in the propagation of every species of modern literary delusion.

Reliques of Robert Burns, consisting chiefly of Original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations, on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 1 vol. 8vo. Cadell and Davies.

We have not selected this publication as a subject of review with the intention of entering into any critical disquisition on the merits of Burns as a poet, but with the purpose of expressing our unreserved indignation at the selfish and unfeeling conduct of his pretended patrons. The letters which Mr. Cromek has collected, will be a lasting memorial of disgrace to those "learned and honourable" characters, who invited him to their tables, and loaded him with caresses, as long as such attentions could procure a laudatory stanza from the poet, and the reputation of a Mæcenas to the patron, but who suffered him, as soon as their temporary caprice or ostentation had been gratified, to sink into helpless and unregarded poverty; a slave to the daily drudgery of the most servile of employments, with the imagination of a poet, and the associate or the servant of ignorant vulgarity, with the manners and feelings of a gentleman.

No greater cruelty can be conceived, than that of drawing a man from a mean and humble situation, and introducing him to an acquaintance with the refinements of polished society, without taking care to secure him from the probability of being again subjected to the mortifications of dependence, and the misery of penury. The patronizing of such a man as Burns, however creditable it might have been to the Scottish nation, was a voluntary duty on the part of individuals. The man of

fortune might wish to see him placed in a rank of life, more worthy of his genius, without feeling it prudent or necessary to step forward with his personal assistance; but when a society of friends had introduced him to the notice of the world, and had flattered him with the prospect of literary independence, they were bound by every principle of honour and morality, to use every endeavour to gratify those just expectations, which their promises had excited, and to counteract the evil effects which might naturally be expected from his introduction into scenes so little adapted to his views and fortune.

It is melancholy to observe, that not all the brotherly "kindness" of Lord Glencairn, "whose worth he should remember till time should be no more," the interest of his "avowed patrons and patronesses," the Countess of Glencairn, Lady Betty Cunningham, Sir John Whiteford, and Mr. Miller, or the warm friendship of Professors Stewart and Blair, and of Mr. Mackenzie, ("The Man of Feeling!") should have been able to procure him a situation more worthy of his talents than that of an exciseman, or an income more considerable than a miserable salary of fifty pounds a year! It was not through any enthusiastic admiration of genius, or any real principle of benevolence, that these noble and learned personages, condescended to toast the bard of Caledonia in bumpers of Madeira, or to admit him as one of "the most favoured visitors of their literary symposia." It is pleasing to some people, to enjoy the triumph of conscious superiority over genius, unassisted by education and merit, unadorned by exterior accomplishments*. There is even too much reason, for suspecting that the original cause of all his future misfortunes—the invitation of the literati of Edinburgh, was rather owing to a predetermined intention, of render-

* It should be observed, that his manners were much improved by his visit to Edinburgh.

ing him an instrument of puffing to the editors of the Lounger, than through any real wish to promote the interests of the poet.

The marks of attention which he received from many distinguished characters, during his residence in Edinburgh, are detailed with the most grateful sensibility, in the beginning of the volume. The farther we proceed, howevever, the more gloomy and distressing does his correspondence become, and we trust that the following passages will be sufficient to justify the apparent severity of our remarks.

"I do not know if I have informed you that I am now appointed to an excise division, in the middle of which my house and farm lie. *In this I was* extremely *lucky*. Without ever being an expectant, as they call their journeymen excisemen, I was directly planted down to all intents and purposes, an officer of excise; there to flourish, and bring forth fruits—worthy of repentance.

"I know not how the word exciseman, or still more opprobrious guage, will sound in your ears. I too have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on the subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. *Fifty pounds a year* for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a poet." Page 100.

"No, I will not say one word about excuses or apologies for not writing. I am a poor rascally guager, condemned to gallop at least 200 miles every week, to inspect dirty ponds, and yeasty barrels: and when can I find time to write to, or importance to interest any body." Page 102.

"I have been surprized, confounded, and distracted, by Mr. Mitchell, the collector, telling me, that he has received an order from your board to enquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government. Sir, you are a husband, and a father. You know what you would feel to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless prattling little ones, turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situa-

tion in which they had been respectable, and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence....I believe, Sir, that I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie!...I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin, for at the worst "death's thousand doors stand open," but good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve courage, and wither resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim, and your esteem as an honest man, I know is my due. To these, Sir, permit me to appeal; by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery, which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath, I will say I have not deserved" Page 132.

We have selected these passages as illustrative of his situation. Of the transcendent merits of his letters, as specimens of epistolary composition, it is impossible to give our readers any adequate idea from a partial extract. In the union of elegance, pathos, and simplicity, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them superior to most other productions of a similar nature. Some provincial barbarisms may be occasionally detected, but they are written, in general, with a correctness that would do credit to a practised scholar, and display a refinement of address, and delicacy of manner, which might rather be expected from a courtier, than an uneducated ploughman.

We select the following beautiful stanza from the short Appendix of unpublished poetry.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the loom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evan Banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh banks to me for ever dear!
Oh streams whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the tide.

And she in simple beauty blest,
Whose image lies within my breast;
Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
And long persu'd me with her eye;
Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that lave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to memory brings,
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight.
Swift from this desart let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

We cannot conclude, without expressing our obligation to the taste, the modesty, and the diligence of the editor.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

OPERA HOUSE.

The only thing worthy of notice with regard to this theatre is, that the proprietors have prudently taken our hint, and engaged Signor Siboni.

COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY

Have brought forward a new Farce, called "*Is he a Prince?*" which it is beneath our dignity to criticise.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE

Has, during the present month, afforded, as usual, plenty of the most delectable subjects for criticism; but all have perished in the dreadful conflagration of Friday night, and with them the indignation which their follies and absurdities had excited in our breasts. Peace to *their ashes*, we war not with the dead. We are most happy to hear that no lives were lost in the flames of this theatre.

February 27th.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. A Confutation of Atheism, &c. In four Discourses. By the Rev. S. Vince.

"The *train of argument* which the author intends to pursue is *frequently inexplicable*, and the sentences are thrown together as if by chance. The particulars that we have endeavoured to connect regularly in this article, are scattered through the whole of the volume, and *derive no aid whatever from logical arrangement.*"—Eclectic Review.

"These discourses of Mr. Vince are the productions of a mind which exhibits *strong reasoning powers.*"—Critical Review.

"The author has *very judiciously* prefixed a short and plain introduction to the science of astronomy."—Annual Review.

"After the dedication comes an introduction, containing a succinct and exact account of astronomy. We have our doubts whether it may not be said that this prefatory matter is *insufficient for the unlearned*, and that *for the learned it is unnecessary.*"—Monthly Review.

2. The First Lines of the Practice of Surgery, by Samuel Cooper.

"Our limits will not permit us to enter more into the detail of the contents of this volume; we have however given a copious specimen of its instructive and valuable contents. It is indeed a work which must form an *essential part* of the *library of every medical student.*"—Annual Review.

"We apprehend that the specimens which we have given of this work will enable our readers to form their own opinion of its value: ours we have already expressed as being very favourable.

* By an accident, the first article of the present department in our last Number consisted of two *corresponding* extracts, without that which *contradicts* them. It is too late now to rectify the error, except by desiring the reader to consider the article as cancelled.

I observed it when I read them.

Although it must be principally regarded in the light of a compilation, yet judiciously to arrange, *closely to* COMPRESS, and clearly to detail, so great a variety of matter, require no inconsiderable exertion of ability."—Monthly Review.

"Business of this kind is not to be skimmed over: it ought to be taught fully and profoundly, or not at all. This epitome is addressed principally to students; but surely *students* ought to acquire more than a superficial knowledge of their art. The First Lines now in question are of a peculiar kind: they are rendered brief, NOT *by* COMPRESSION, but by omissions."—British Critic.

---

3. The Life of Thuanus, by the Reverend J. Collinson.

"This is an *interesting* compilation."—British Critic (Preface).

"Among the many *interesting* biographical publications which have lately gratified and instructed the public, we can with the highest satisfaction announce the present work."—Antijacobin Review.

"Mr. Collinson has *not* been very *fortunate* in the *choice of his subject*."—Oxford Review.

"We do *not* deem the *choice* of De Thou" [Thuanus], "as a *subject* of biography, a *bad* one.—The life of De Thou might have been, if we may use a familiar phrase, a good story agreeably told; but in the hands of Mr. Collinson it becomes an *uninteresting* one."—Eclectic Review.

"This composition of Mr. Collinson contains but *few interesting* particulars or anecdotes."—Critical Review.

---

4. Lectures on the Art of Engraving, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain; by John Landseer.

"Mr. Landseer considered himself as honoured by being permitted to deliver these Lectures at the Royal Institution; we think the honour was mutual: but it seems that they suddenly declined their part, for some *more sterling* or *mean advantage* to be derived from lectures better calculated ad captandum; that is, to keep the peers awake, to make the bishops chuckle, and to fill the note-books of certain profoundly learned literary lady-attendants. As *no other good reason* for his dismissal appears," &c.—Monthly Mirror.

"These Lectures are only part of an intended course, which was broken off by causes stated at large by the author in his preface. He was conceived to have transgressed the rules of the institution, by *mentioning or alluding to some living persons with censure.* Of the *consequent* interdict which put a stop to his lectures, he complains."—British Critic.

---

5. Three Comedies translated from the Spanish.

"We notice with pleasure any work* calculated to make the dramatic works* of the Spanish poets more familiar to the British public. The translator therefore who makes the first attempt, even should he fail (as may be in some measure expected) of complete success, deserves nevertheless the thanks of literary men, and the *gratitude of his country.*—There appears *no good reason* why this piece" [the Fairy Lady] "should not be *adopted on some of our theatres.*—We are much deceived if good poetical translations of *these comedies* would not be *favourably received* by the public."—Antijacobin Review.

"The author of this translation, whoever he may be, is evidently an adept in Spanish literature. This specimen certainly induces the wish to have *more things of the kind* from his pen. They are very sprightly comedies; and the first in particular is capable of producing so much stage-effect, that we think a *very little alteration* would *accommodate it to our theatres.*"—British Critic.

"If the present attempt succeeds, we may expect an *inundation* of Calderons and Vegas, as *terrible* as that which, for the space of five or six years, *desolated our unhappy country* under the direction of all the merciless host of German literati.—The experiment remained to be tried with the Spanish drama; and whether the present publication be followed up by more translations or not, we can confidently venture to pronounce it *will not finally succeed.*—We do *not* think these comedies will *ever become fit subjects* for representation *in this country.*"—Critical Review.

---

* The reviewer makes sad *work* of it, with his *work* and his *works.* —Sat.

6. Memoirs of the Reverend John Newton, by Richard Cecil.

"We must forego the pleasure we should find in sketching Mr. Newton's biography, and refer to this interesting and cheap performance for *satisfactory information*. Nearly all the narrative part of these Memoirs was prepared before Mr. Newton's death, and had the benefit of his corrections; and the remainder, in which his character is delineated, has every claim to the public confidence, from being drawn up by an old and intimate friend, of *unquestioned intelligence* and integrity. Mr. Newton became a *pattern* of MORAL EXCELLENCE, which the MOST VIRTUOUS might cordially *admire* and *imitate*. Though the greater portion of fact which this volume contains, has already been communicated to the world, there are *many additional* anecdotes of Mr. Newton, illustrating both his life and his character.—Under these divisions, as also in various parts of the narrative, Mr. Cecil has introduced a variety of serious and *useful* observations. The value of this work, we hope, will be recognized, not merely as conducing to the gratification of Christian readers in general, but as an addition to the scanty class of books which tend to promote the best interests of the young while contributing to their *amusement*."—Eclectic Review.*

"Of the once intimate friend, and almost confessor, of the poet Cowper, *something more satisfactory* than the present Memoirs might well have been anticipated. Mr. Cecil's biography *adds very little* to the stock of our previous information respecting the subject of it."—Beau Monde.

"—These pretensions however do not so much display, in Mr. Newton's instance, the weakness of vanity, as the GUILT *of uncharitableness*.—Mr. Newton informs us," &c.: "it is impossible to conceive a plainer *confession of* PERJURY than this. He shews that he labours under a painful consciousness of having SACRIFICED *his* INTEGRITY to his interest."—London Review.

---

*The Eclectic reviewers could not give this *lift* to their fellow-labourer in the methodistical vineyard, without concluding their article by the following *puff direct*: "The *complete edition* of *Mr. Newton's works*, with some *original additions*, and a *fine engraved portrait*, is *just ready* for publication."—This is *criticism!*

"—Mr. Cecil goes on to say," &c.: "this is a notable specimen of the indefinite *jargon* and illogical statements of the evangelical school.—Mr. Cecil has in effect told us," &c: "after this *precious farrago* of *contradictions* and *nonsense*," &c. "On a careful perusual, we *cannot say* that this work is very likely either to *instruct* or to *amuse*."—Critical Review.

---

7. The Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca; by William Gell, Esq.

"Many parts of the mansion of Ulysses have been mentioned by Homer. Mr. Gell has taken pains to construct a magnificent *palace* from these hints of the poet. We look upon this architecture of Mr. Gell as a sort of *castle in the air*.—We must complain that the author has dealt with *too sparing* a hand his *information* respecting the *present inhabitants* of the island.—By verbal descriptions, and *exquisite designs* of the pencil, he has put us in full possession of the topography of the modern Ithaca.—The book contains its own remedy, in the *accuracy* and minuteness with which the scenes are represented by the pen and the *pencil*," &c. —Eclectic Review.

"We are not indeed to expect any of those fascinating scenes and animated pictures which so frequently occur in the admirable tale of false morality displayed in the Télémaque of Fenelon. In return, however, we did expect from the geographer a faithful description of the *manners, customs,* religious and *political* institutions, *of the modern Ithacans;* from the antiquary, a tableau of their character and *manners compared with those* of the subjects of Ulysses. In these very natural and very just expectations, we regret to say, *we have been* GRIEVOUSLY DISAPPOINTED.—We have before had reason to lament the scanty portion of statistical information contained in this volume, as well as the ALMOST TOTAL NEGLECT of the *manners* and occupations of the people.—Here we have to regret that we *cannot* compliment our author as a *skilful artist;* for although he may be able to sketch outlines, he has *erred egregiously* in the perspective."—Antijacobin Review.

"We opened the Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca with

more than ordinary curiosity; and with an expectation of its being gratified, proportioned to the known erudition, and talent for researeh, of Mr. Gell: *nor were we,* in the literary part of the work, *in the* SMALLEST DEGREE DISAPPOINTED.—We esteem the Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca a very interesting book; wherein much of geographical and classical information is blended with a certain portion of *moral* and *political instruction* which may not be useless to our countrymen. The architectural remains which the author found on the hill of Aito, he supposes *with great appearance of probability* to be those of the *palace* of Ulysses, and the ancient metropolis of Ithaca."—Review of Art.

"Although geographical and antiquarian researches were the chief object of this ingenious author, he has NOT however OMITTED ANY OPPORTUNITY of diversifying his pages with short anecdotes or passages*descriptive of modern customs, especially* when these *retain any vestiges of former times.* We have perused Mr. Gell's volume with *uncommon satisfaction.*"—British Critic.

---

8. An Alarm to the Reformed Church of Christ established in these Kingdoms.

"A *sensible and judicious* appeal to the reformed church, and particularly its most distinguished members."—British Critic.

"If the nausea of the reader be not sufficiently excited by the preamble, we recommend him to peruse the pamphlet; which, we will assure him, if his nervous sensibilities be not as much indurated with *prejudice, bigotry,* and *intolerance,* as those of the author himself, will operate as powerfully as any *emetic* in the pharmacopeia of London or Edinburgh."—Critical Review.

---

9. Richardi Bentleii et doctorum Virorum Epistolæ.

"Of a nature so very attractive to classical men are all the letters in this volume, that it is *difficult not to exceed due bounds* in *remarking on them.* We shall however constrain ourselves to treat but briefly of them; trusting that we shall have occasion to *enter further* into the critical matter herein contained, when the promised notes of Dr. C. Burney shall appear."—British Critic.

"To affect to *review* a work like the present, would be *ridiculous presumption.*"—Monthly Review.

10. A Connected Series of Notes on the chief Revolutions of the principal States which composed the Empire of Charlemagne; by Charles Butler Esq.

"Mr. Butler professes that his work is a compilation: for *what* particular *class of readers* it is intended, we are not informed. On every topic he is brief; and aiming at brevity, he frequently passes over subjects of *great importance*, with notes or notices *much too slight* to convey the information required."—Oxford Review.

"This work equally interests *the adept* and *the novice. Instructors also* will find it a convenient manual, and an admirable basis for a course of lectures.—The accurate and distinct geographical statements with which we are presented in this volume, equally challenge praise with the *perspicuous historical notices* which they illustrate and connect."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Butler has executed a *convenient* abridgement of the history of the revolutions of the Germanic empire. The work displays that *clearness of conception* and *habit of reduction*, that good sense and *good taste*, which in the former vestiges of his pen have repeatedly been observed and applauded."—Annual Review.

"Mr. Butler has sketched a general outline, and marked the more *prominent features* with *sufficient distinctness.*"—Critical Review (Appendix).

---

11. A Body of Theology, in a Series of Lectures; by Robert Fellowes.

"With great and singular felicity, Mr. Fellowes has united philosophical reasoning with *scriptural doctrine.* His *style* is *clear*, copious, and animated."—Critical Review.

"Sufficient has been said, to indicate the complexion of our author's sentiments, which are so plainly *opposed to the clearest dictates of scripture*, that a superficial acquaintance with it will immediately suggest the most powerful refutations."—Eclectic Review.

"It is to be regretted that the language of these lectures is *not sufficiently plain* to be generally intelligible."—Annual Review.

12. Contemplation, a Poem; with Tales, and other Poetical Compositions: by John Penwarne.

"Mr. Penwarne never rises above mediocrity; and, except in his attempts at humour, *seldom sinks below it.* 'Contemplation' is a desultory piece, in which its author seems to have interwoven all the scraps of blank verse he had by him; but it is *not without merit.* Mr. Penwarne describes the pilchard-fishery carried on in Mount's bay and its vicinity, with the *spirit* and *originality* gained by personal observation. The Cornish miner is *characteristically* depicted in the following passage.—The songs, of which there are several, are possessed of *considerable elegance.*"—Annual Review.

"Those who are fond of contemplation, especially when it is of the species called *miserable*, may derive abundance of this uncomfortable amusement from Mr. Penwarne's leading poem. *Neither* in his 'Tales,' nor in his 'other Poetical Compositions,' is he *by any means happy;* but his 'Contemplation' is, beyond all comparison, the *most lamentable* of his various effusions. We cannot consent, especially during the dullest months in the year, to recommend *dull* poems to general perusal."—Beau Monde.

"'Gratitude, or the Farmer and his Ass,' is the *only* piece in the collection to which we are able to afford the *slightest* portion *of praise.*"—Monthly Review.

---

13. Sermons on several Subjects, by the Reverend H. B. Wilson.

"These sermons ably support the truly apostolic church of this kingdom against the errors of popery and the delusions of fanaticism. They are written in a plain but MANLY style, the subjects are peculiarly interesting, and the author every where appears as a *sound and judicious divine.*"—British Critic.

"Mr. Wilson has given us sermons which are *ridiculous* from the *self-conceit*, and *contemptible* from the *intolerance* and SERVILITY, displayed in them."—Critical Review (Appendix).

---

14. Travelling Recreations; by William Parsons, Esq.

"The moderate pretensions with which this author lays his poems before the public, will not fail to be admitted by every

candid and good-humoured critic. We never saw a work more strongly indicative of that most gentlemanly of all feelings, the desire to amuse and to be amused.—The former part of this story in particular is related in a style of much vivacity, and the versification is throughout correct and graceful."—Monthly Review.

"Many of these poems indicate much taste, and a considerable degree of poetic feeling. They have given us much amusement."—British Critic.

"Our author is an amorist, and accordingly we have heaps of love-trash. Abortive attempts at wit are too common to excite surprize; but we have rarely seen any more complete than in the lines," &c. "If there were a term to express something more than bathos, the following would be an illustration of it.—Of unintelligible nonsense we present the following specimen.*—Universal Magazine.

---

* The writer of the article from which this last extract is made, afterward contrives to introduce the mention of a different poetical publication, concerning which he says with admirable grammatical elegance and truth, "*We* are *one* of those who have looked in vain," &c.

We shall here take this opportunity of stating, that in the Number of the Eclectic Review (of February 2, 1808) displaying on its cover the name of the work that is the subject of the above quotations, the leaf there referred to had been *torn out* when we received it from the booksellers' shop; a circumstance which we should hardly have attended to, if we had not heard of similar *accidents* occurring to the Reviews of the *same publishers* before. As the leaf in question contained no notice of any other book belonging to *them*, this event must have been *peculiarly unfortunate* if the criticism was a *favourable* one.—SATIRIST.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall-street.

The *WESTBO*

Pub. according to the act of Parliament April 1st 1

TBOURNE Procession. *See page 324*

Pub.d 1820. by S. Tipper 31 Leadenhall Street